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by Frank Flaherty

NOVEMBER 17, 1951 VOL. 67 NO. 6

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BEHIND THE SCENES

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: What has Hollywood done to Gisele? Canada's singing star tells in her own words of life in Hollywood and the people she works with . . . Are the Progressive Conservatives coming up? Michael Barkway picks out their strengths and weaknesses . . . Too much movie censorship? Frank Morriss, *Winnipeg Free Press* drama critic, tells how it operates in our provinces; what gets cut out . . . Return of a buyer's market? Michael Young notes happy signs that rising prices are due to slow down . . . Douglas Leechman, National Museum archeologist, tells why our Eskimos now enjoy better health.

COVER: All the grace that is the ballet in essence is summed up in CARLU CARTER of Winnipeg, one of three young Canadians who are with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. These Canadians, natively trained, prove that Canada is developing dancers capable of meeting the highest standards in the world. That high standard is soon to bear fruit: the National Ballet Company, which made its debut in Toronto this week, is beginning an ambitious program of expansion that will eventually lead to branch companies in all our important cities. The National Ballet Company is capitalizing on the growing Canadian realization that ballet is not an esoteric art self-consciously enjoyed by the few, but an entertainment with an instant and instinctive appeal for all.—*Photo by Donald McKague.*

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WHEN THE PRINCESS MET THE CANADIANS

OTTAWA VIEW

REDISTRIBUTION PROBLEM

by Michael Barkway

THIS PARLIAMENT has all the feeling of being on an ebb-tide. All the new blood is on the Conservative side. Gordon Churchill from Winnipeg, Walter Dinsdale from Brandon, J. A. MacLean from Queens (PEI), all replace Liberals. Howard Meeker from Waterloo South takes the place of Karl Homuth (PC). All of them are still feeling a little strange, and though they are a lively bunch, there are not enough of them to overcome the rather bored feeling that the pattern of this Parliament has become too familiar to be very interesting.

This does not mean that Parliament will not do its job. The Opposition is more firmly persuaded than ever that its function becomes more and more necessary the longer this Government lasts. Conservatives are more than ever determined to keep up their examination of Government legislation. But the atmosphere is against them. No big battles are in sight—though no one can tell what storms may blow up. It's rather like a bridge hand with a one-club bid. Most of the players would like to throw it in and deal again.

Little Basis for Rumors

This atmosphere partly arises from, and partly accounts for, the rumors that are flying round about a general election next summer or an early retirement of the Prime Minister. There is precious little ascertainable fact behind the rumors. Every chance remark gets blown up beyond its meaning. But, of course, it is a possibility that St. Laurent may retire—he'll be 70 on February 1—or that he'll find some excuse to call an early general election in which he could lead the Liberal party once more and still have a chance to do some governing before he does retire. If he has any such intention, he has not communicated it to Liberal members.

ELECTION CLUES

ANSWER to the general-election question must be revealed very soon after the new 1952 session starts. If the Government introduces a Redistribution Bill, there will be no general election in 1952. If it does not, then look out.

No party likes to contemplate the complicated business of redistribution of parliamentary seats. But the law demands a redistribution every ten years after the census results are known. In the past this has meant a two-year delay. The 1921 census led to a redistribution bill in 1923; the 1931 census to a redistribution in 1933. The redistribution based on the 1941 census did not take place till 1947 because of the war. But now the Census Bureau has so many mechanical aids that it promises the final results of the 1951 census in January, 1952. There is no reason why the 1952 session of Parliament should not do the redistribution job. But if it does tackle it, it will certainly take most of the session over it.

The effect of redistribution is to change the boundaries of at least a certain number of constituencies; and after these changes the parties need some time to set up their new organizations. It has generally been two years between redistribution and an election. The 1923 redistribution was followed by the 1925 election; 1933 by the 1935 election; and 1947 by the 1949 election. Never since Confederation has an election followed redistribution with less than an eighteen-months' interval.

Break Precedent

If, therefore, the 1952 Parliament tackles redistribution, it would be breaking all precedent to have an election before the fall of 1953; and a summer election in 1954—right at the end of the Liberals' parliamentary term—might seem more likely. By the same token, if there is to be an election next year it would have to be on the old distribution of seats; and that might cause quite a storm.

The law does not set down a time limit within which the decennial redistribution must take place. But to hold an election after the census results are known, without an attempt to redistribute seats, would be to condemn some provinces for a full parliamentary term to under-representation in the House of Commons. And that might get the Liberals into trouble.

On the other hand, how long is St. Laurent prepared to go on? If he held on to fight a 1954 election, and then to act as PM for at least a decent spell thereafter, he would be 73 or 74 before he could retire. Hence the rumors that if he does not have an election next year, he may take the occasion to retire, and give his successor a decent chance to get established before an election in the fall of 1953 or in 1954.

These are the speculations current in Ottawa. I make no pretence to any knowledge of what is in the Prime Minister's mind.

LOSSES AND GAINS

MOST TICKLISH spot in the redistribution based on the 1951 census will be Saskatchewan. According to the preliminary census figures issued last summer, Saskatchewan would lose four seats. This would reduce them from 20 to 16; so it is a sizeable cut. The ridings in both the southern and the northern part of the Province are already very large in area. It seems inevitable that changes will have to be made in the boundaries of the central ridings. This immediately brings up the problem of Rosetown-Biggar and Lake Centre, two adjoin-

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ing constituencies. Rosetown-Biggar is held by M. J. Coldwell, the CCF leader. Lake Centre is held by John Diefenbaker, the only Saskatchewan Conservative MP.

The first people to urge great caution in changing these ridings are the Liberals. They may have to be changed, but the Liberals will be very careful not to put Coldwell and Diefenbaker up against each other. Both men have such a strong following in the Province that it would be bitterly resented if the Liberals could be accused of trying to play them off against each other.

If Saskatchewan has to lose four seats, the preliminary census returns indicate that British Columbia would gain three. Ontario would gain two, and Quebec one. Nova Scotia and Manitoba would each lose one. Final figures may change this, but probably not.

ONTARIO'S SHARE

THE ONTARIO problem is the most difficult after Saskatchewan. In the 1947 redistribution Quebec got a thorough going over. The relative sizes of the constituencies were pretty well straightened out, with two deliberate exceptions. One was the creation of a seat for the "Iles de le Madeleine" which had only 4,000 voters in 1949; and the other was the continuation of the discrepancy which applies in all provinces between the urban and the rural seats. Of eight new Quebec seats allotted in 1947 only four went to Montreal.

But in 1947 Ontario only had to make one extra seat, and no attempt was made to even up the population of the constituencies. The inequalities have grown bad in recent years. Haldimand, for example, which Earl Catherwood won for the PC's, in 1949 had only 14,400 voters. Neighboring Welland had nearly 70,000 in 1950 when Dr. W. H. McMillan won it for the Liberals in the by-election following Humphrey Mitchell's death. In the 1949 election York East, represented by R. H. McGregor (PC), had 80,000 electors, which was more than the total population in 1941.

Glengarry

Another case ripe for attention is Glengarry. It's now mixed English- and French-speaking, and it was won in 1949 by the Liberal Roman Catholic, W. J. Major: with an electoral list of only 10,500.

These are just some of the cases that must be tackled. And no MP is eager to get into a business which may mean changing his constituency boundaries and upsetting all his organization. It has often been suggested that the settlement of the new boundaries should be left to a judicial body. Mackenzie King once promised to adopt this method. But when it came to the point even he found that it couldn't be taken away from Parliament. So unless the Liberals decide to have a quick election next summer on the basis of the old seats, the next session of Parliament will have to set committees to work on this complicated and detailed problem.

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BROADCASTING OPINION

FREEDOM OF SPEECH BY RADIO

by B. K. Sandwell

THE other day the author of this column was asked to participate in a group movement for securing freedom of expression in Canadian radio for a wider range of views than is at present permitted by the licensing authorities, or at any rate for opposing any further restriction of the permitted views such as has recently been demanded by certain religious bodies.

—Don McKague
B. K. SANDWELL

The request caused me to do, for me, an unusual amount of thinking. I greatly dislike finding myself in the position of upholding limitations of any sort upon the freedom of the individual to communicate his opinions; and by refusing to join in this group movement I was obviously putting myself in that position. Yet, after some very careful examination of the nature of radio as a medium for the communication of ideas, I was forced to the conclusion that not only ought I to support the present restrictions imposed on the broadcasting of opinion, but I ought perhaps even to advocate that they be carried a little further than they actually are.

The point must immediately be made clear that this conclusion is based entirely upon the nature, the special characteristics, of radio as a medium of communication. It is completely different from every other medium except its younger sister (and possibly dangerous rival) television. It is different chiefly in that only a small number of communications are available to be received by listeners at any one time; in some areas only one or two channels can be tuned in during most of the day. And it is different also in that when once a receiving set has been installed in a household nothing that is being transmitted on those channels can be kept out of the household by the head of the family unless he himself or his delegate is actually listening at the time.

Both of these characteristics, it seemed to me, precluded any possible claim that any person, advocating any view not specifically forbidden by law, and using language not forbidden, has a right of access to radio for the transmission of his opinions. I am profoundly opposed to all restrictions on the views communicated in any other medium, except those necessitated by considerations relating to libel, decency, and the prevention of actual incitement to breach of the law. Any other restriction appears to me to be a violation of the principle of free speech; and the objection that freedom may lead to licence does not agitate me at all.

Where Is the Remedy?

If freedom of speech is employed in a manner which causes distress or annoyance to some members of the community, the remedy is in their own hands and they do not need a remedy supplied by the state; they have only to avoid reading or listening to the offensive matter. (The modern loud-speaker or amplifier, used in open-air public places, is capable of making this avoidance rather difficult, but I think that problem can be dealt with by the law of nuisance.) And the utterance or printing of the offensive matter cannot in the slightest degree debar the people who do not like it from getting all they can possibly desire of other types of speech or printed matter. There are plenty of places where people can make speeches, indoors and out, and plenty of paper on which ideas can be printed.

My friends who want a greater diversity of ideas to be aired on the radio point out that a listener who does not like a given broadcast can always tune it out; and that is true—

—Norris in Vancouver Sun

"JUST DROBBED IN FOR A SHORT VISIT. YOU PEOPLES HAB CODES YET?"

that is the one privilege which he enjoys in common with the man who can go away from a meeting which he dislikes or refrain from buying a book of which he disapproves. But even so the privileges are not quite parallel. Because of the limited number of radio channels, the airing of the objectionable utterance may keep the listener from hearing something else which he greatly desires to hear, and leave him with no choice save, let us say, between a speech by an Ontario political leader and a croon by Mr. Sinatra. In books there is no such limitation; and in the matter of meetings, if he does not want to go to a lecture on the Godless Universe, any person who feels that he simply must have a meeting can organize one of his own with his own kind of speakers if there is nothing else offered.

Fred Hoyle's Lectures

The group movement of my friends was, I suspect, precipitated by the recent campaign, with which I had a good deal of sympathy, against the broadcasting in Canada of Mr. Fred Hoyle's lectures on the Nature of the Universe, and their position would be that Mr. Hoyle has a prescriptive right (provided that there are a substantial number of listeners desirous of hearing him) to communicate his views about the universe on the air. I do not think that claim can be maintained. I am all for his being allowed, and encouraged, to communicate them by any other means, in spite of the fact that they distress a great many religious people; if we had suppressed all the ideas that have at various times distressed a great many religious people, modern science would be practically non-existent. But I think religious people have a right not to be distressed on the radio, either by broadcasters asking them to believe some other religion than their own or by broadcasters asking them to believe no religion at all.

Ideas of Religious People

I may be told that there are people who are distressed by the ideas of religious people on the subject of God and of life after death; and this is no doubt true. But I suggest that their distress is of a different and less deep-seated kind, and that anyhow they must be accustomed to hearing the ideas of the religious people through all sorts of other media and cannot be seriously annoyed at hearing them on the radio. And I do not propose for a moment that religious people should be allowed to dictate what shall be said over the radio about any subject that is purely scientific. There are religious people who for religious reasons refuse to accept the idea of evolution, but I have not heard of their asking that it should be kept off the air-waves, and I should strongly oppose any such demand if it were made.

But the questions whether there is a Creator and whether the life of the individual ceases at death are not scientific questions; these are not matters of knowledge, they are matters of faith; and the radio is not a suitable mechanism for disturbing the faith of anybody.

—Chambers in Halifax Chronicle-Herald
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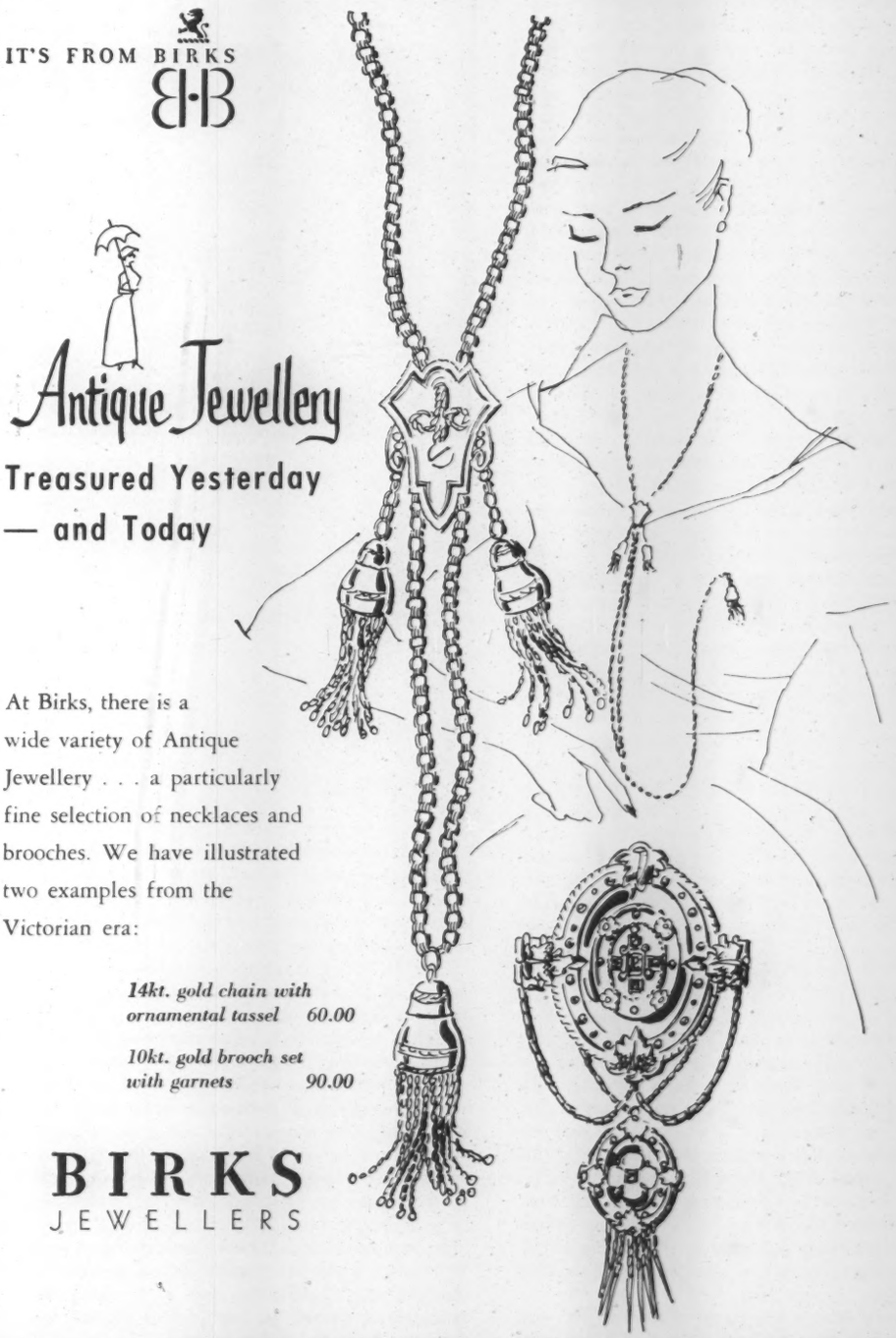

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EDITORIALS

Government Policies That Pass in the Night

WE are the last people to condemn the Government for a reasonable flexibility in economic policy. When so many of the factors determining Canadian economic trends are beyond Canadian control, policy must be adaptable to circumstance. But there is a world of difference between flexibility in the application of policy and the absence of policy.

It would not be fair to say that this Government has no firm policies, but we admit to being confused about which of them are meant to last and which lose their validity the day they are uttered. When the old-age pension legislation was first outlined last spring the Government was resolved—it said—to make sure that every taxpayer knew just what he was contributing to the pension fund. We believed this was a statement of policy. But Mr. Abbott's 2-2-2 formula certainly cannot be regarded as executing it. It may give some secret satisfaction to the Government's bookkeepers; but as far as the taxpayer is concerned pensions might just as well be paid out of general revenue. This evidently was one of the policies which was not meant to last.

An even briefer life—barely three weeks—was allowed to the Government's policy on retail price maintenance. We were never enthusiastic about the legislation promised with such solemnity in the Speech from the Throne to forbid the fixing of retail prices between manufacturers and retailers. It was open to very grave objections which were known, and obvious, before the Government committed itself to it. But if policy announced so definitely is to be reversed so quickly, it does indeed become difficult to know what the Government's convictions are, or whether indeed it has any.

Either the course promised in the Speech from the Throne had not been properly considered—in which case the pledge was utterly irresponsible; or else the Government was convinced that a ban on retail-price maintenance would be in the national interest—in which case it is betraying its convictions in failing to bring the legislation forward.

We cannot help wondering how many other things are being done on this purely opportunist basis. We are prepared for flexibility, but we would like more sign of underlying conviction too.

The Script has been slightly altered

"Vive la Princesse"

THERE was a quality of warm, human feeling about the public acclamations in Montreal for their Royal Highnesses which seems to have exceeded anything which occurred in any other part of the country. This may be accounted for in part by the well known capacity of the Gallic race for mass demonstration, and for the dramatic expression of types of feelings which the Anglo-Saxon people instinctively keep under cover. It may even be accounted for in part by the amazing genius for showmanship possessed by Mayor Camillien Houde, who was very much in charge of the proceedings.

But one thing it proved quite conclusively, and that is that His Majesty's French-speaking subjects in the Province of Quebec have a deep and genuine affection for the members of the present royal family, and that there is no substance to the claim of a few members of the intelligentsia, that the King of Canada is to them a "foreign" monarch.

Still a Diplomat

THE NEW chief commissioner of the Board of Transport Commissioners, Mr. John D. Kearney, is formally giving up a diplomatic career which has taken him to Ireland, Norway, Denmark, India and most recently the Argentine, as principal Canadian representative. But his separation from diplomacy is purely formal. He will now have to exercise in a domestic field all the diplomatic arts demanded by the foreign service with the addition of a resolute and judicial power of decision.

The Board of Transport Commissioners has never had an easy task, but at the present time it faces an unusually difficult situation. In one of the great periods of Canadian expansion transportation inevitably emerges again, as it has at every crucial stage of our history, as one of the most important and most debated national problems. The freight-rate enquiry now going on will link up with the report of the Turgeon Royal Commission to challenge the Board to a fresh approach to the whole rate structure. And its functions go beyond the railways. Whether, in view of the recent Supreme Court decision, road transport may be brought within the Board's purview remains to be seen: the road-haulers fear it. Certainly the licensing of oil and gas lines out of Alberta will confront the Board before long.

The long debate of the last two years about whether the projected gas-line to the Pacific Coast should go through the United States or through the Canadian Rockies is now largely outdated. The question presents itself in much broader terms. It is whether, even at some economic sacrifice, we should keep our oil and gas lines within Canada—running east and west—or whether we should be aiming at the alternative goal of "North American integration," with shorter and possibly more economic lines running north and south. The decision may be taken out of Canadian hands: an indication that we may be thrown back on our own resources whether we like it or not may be seen in the U.S. Federal Power Commission's ruling on the export of American gas to Toronto. But all these questions, which Mr. Kearney will have a large hand in deciding, may set a pattern for Canadian development for many years. We wish him wisdom.

Let Them Rant

THE NATURAL inclination of unregenerate man is to suppress views, parties and, finally, people of which he disapproves. In so far as we in the Western world dare claim to have achieved civilization, it is because we have learned to respect minorities. We not only protect them: to some extent we treasure them.

This concept of the way to preserve not only individual human dignity but also vital human community sometimes lands us in difficulties. Periodically all Western democratic societies find themselves up against minorities which use the very protection of this concept to promote views

directly contrary to it. At several times the various attacks upon it have come from different groups. At the present time the most significant attack comes from the Communists, operating most often through disguises as inefficient as the Hallowe'en costumes of Canadian children.

The feature of nearly all the Communist attacks on our democratic tolerance is that they arouse a natural, and often violent, revulsion in those of us who cherish a belief in freedom. And if we allow ourselves to be guided by our emotions we find ourselves on the verge of denying all our principles and demanding that this or that particular attack should be suppressed.

Although he can hardly have been conscious of it in these terms, this is what Mr. George Drew did when he asked the House of Commons to take action against the authors of a particular scurrilous pamphlet which had fallen into his possession. Mr. St. Laurent's reply to him was an epitome of the true democratic philosophy. It was the more impressive coming from a man who, as Minister of Justice in less happy days, has been compelled to use essentially undemocratic means to suppress subversive movements. There is unquestionably a point of crisis at which democratic society has to resort to the unwelcome method of suppression in order to preserve itself. But that point will be repulsed by true democrats to the very borders of safety; and Mr. St. Laurent was showing himself a true believer in freedom when he refused to take action against the authors of a pamphlet which, whatever Mr. Drew might say, came a long way short of threatening to undermine the Canadian democracy.

The incident in Parliament some weeks ago was a minor affair, even insignificant. But it was a most remarkable indication of why so many Canadians prefer to vote for Mr. St. Laurent rather than Mr. Drew. Most Canadians we are glad to say, have a healthy suspicion of the "suppressor". Nothing has swung them away from Mr. St. Laurent's Government more than the suspicion that it has been growing autocratic. Nothing makes them more fearful of Mr. Drew than the suspicion that he has autocratic instincts.

Truce in Korea

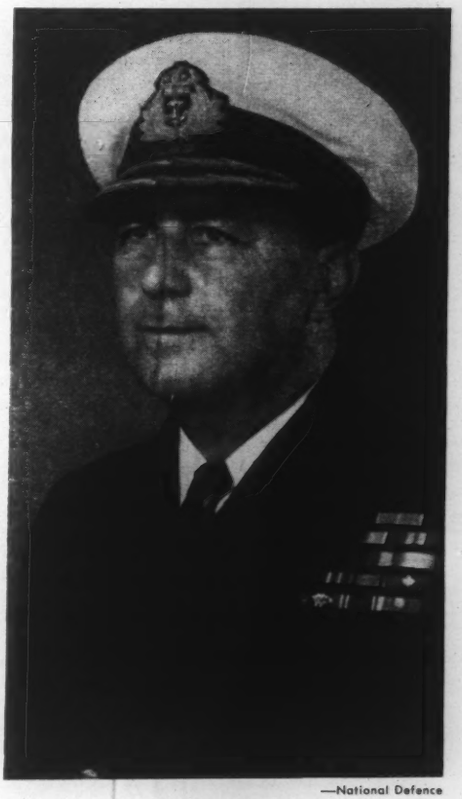
AFTER close on half a year of stalling, the Communists appear at last to be ready to accept as a truce line the defensible front angling north of the 38th Parallel, which we have been at pains to establish and fortify since last spring. It was evident on the resumption of the talks in the circus tent at Panmunjom that they had given up their hope of securing the purely political line of the Parallel, on which they had always insisted before. They made a brief effort to get a line halfway between the parallel and the present battlefront, seeking a concession from us which would enable them to cry to their people that we are "suing" for peace. Our negotiators turned the tables on them by claiming Kaesong, control of which they had made much of during the earlier talks. They then settled quickly for the present battleline.

This sudden display of willingness to agree on a cease-fire line may be due to the unremitting punishment which it has been General Ridgway's purpose to inflict on the Communist armies, or it may be connected with broader enemy aims—a new peace offensive at the Paris UN meeting or a desire to be free to give greater aid to Ho Chi Minh in Indo-China. The one thing we can be sure of is that it does not automatically ensure "peace" in Korea.

There will now have to be detailed agreements on the actual process of breaking off fighting and pulling the armies apart a certain distance, with inevitable haggling over terrain features and road junctions. There will have to be precise agreements on how the truce is to be supervised: we have always insisted that this must be foolproof. And when all that is achieved, it will only mean that the shooting is stopped, perhaps temporarily. Nothing more will be settled; there will have to be long talks on the political settlement, into which the enemy is almost sure to introduce other Far Eastern questions such as Formosa and the admission of Red China to the UN. North Korea will still be under Communist control and our armies will still be tied down in South Korea.

The Naval Commander

THE NEW Chief of the Naval Staff, Admiral E. I. Mainguy, is best known to the public by the "Mainguy Report" issued two years ago on the subject of earlier disorders in several naval ships. If the public had read the report, this would be



—National Defence

ADMIRAL MAINGUY

an admirable introduction for the Navy's new head. It is a balanced, thoughtful document showing in every line the concern for the welfare of the sailors which has distinguished Admiral Mainguy's career. Unfortunately, we fear that most Canadians, guided by incomplete reports, regard the Mainguy Report as something like a declaration of the Royal Canadian Navy's independence of the Royal Navy; and it would be most unfair to the Admiral himself, to the Canadian Navy and to the Royal Navy that he should be thought to be taking over his high office on this basis. Like most of the senior Canadian naval officers Admiral Mainguy did a large part of his training with the R.N., and he will be as anxious as any of his predecessors to preserve the spirit of high and comradely regard between the two services.

Admiral Mainguy takes over as Chief of the Naval Staff from Admiral Harold Grant who has headed the Navy with a single-minded resolution through four of the most difficult years. Admiral Grant is a fighter with a wartime record of great gallantry. He has been no less a fighter in his headquarters post, standing inflexibly for the naval principles he believes in, and not always winning popularity in high places as a result. His successor may go about his job differently, but the naval tradition will, we trust and believe, be equally safe in his hands.

From Admiral Mainguy's past record, it is fair to pick out two achievements as showing his character. The first is the work he did in St. John's, Newfoundland, as Captain (D) between 1941 and 1942, in establishing rest camps for the sailors battered on the Atlantic convoys, and in organizing the officers' club known as the "Crow's Nest" where officers from all the Allied navies found their rest and recreation. The second is his part in the naval battle at Truk where he was mentioned in despatches "for outstanding zeal, patience and cheerfulness, and for never failing to set an example of whole-hearted devotion to duty."

Labor Candidates

THE FACT that Ford Brand is running as a Labor candidate for the Board of Control of Toronto seems to be regarded by a certain part of the community as a reason for voting against him. That is surely a very illogical attitude to take. Labor is certainly a special, and a very powerful, "interest" in Toronto, but we suspect that candidates representing special interests have run, and been elected, on plenty of past occasions, and often with much less frankness about the interests concerned. Workers who get their pay in the form of wages are a large part of the population of the city, and it is wholly desirable that they should have their representative in the city's government. They would not be likely to get such representation unless they ran their candidate as a Labor man.

Mr. Brand is one of the ablest and best informed of the rising generation of Labor leaders, and unless we are mistaken he is capable of understanding that should he be elected he will become a representative of the people as a whole and not merely of one class of them. Unless the whole idea of Labor representation is to be ruled out altogether he is an entirely acceptable candidate.

Ford and the Future

FORD'S expansion program is a refreshing vote of confidence in the future of Canada, coming as it does in the midst of a drop in motor car sales. It is cheering to see industry taking the long-term view and not being affected by day to day ups and downs.

It is believed that the Oakville assembly plant plus changes being made in Windsor represent the biggest single expansion program ever tackled by a Canadian industry.

It is only by building to meet future demand that Canadian industry can bring its costs down to the level of American costs and meet the United States on a competitive footing in the markets of the world.

PROPHECY

HOW *many miles to Stalingrad?*
That's three-dimensional thinking!
It's how many minutes now, my lad,
And partner space is shrinking.

When th' equator's merely sundial long
And the world's a few hours smaller,
There'll be cubits on the thrush's song,
And picnic time seem taller.

—JAMES SMALLWOOD

What a SCOTCH!

White Horse... *of course!*

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"Never in my life have I found anything more fascinating than N.I.A. training. I am proud, too, that articles of mine are now being published regularly. The first ones were retouched, but the last appeared as I had written it and of course the wonder of wonders is to see my name under the lead."—Evelyn R. Leitch, P.O. Box 186, High River, Alberta, Canada.

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For a number of years, the Newspaper Institute of America has been giving free Writing Aptitude Tests to men and women with literary ambitions.

Sometimes it seems half the people in Canada who are fired with the desire to write have taken advantage of this offer to measure their ability.

What the tests show

Up to date, no one who could be called a "born writer" has filled out our Writing Aptitude Test. We have not yet discovered a single individual miraculously endowed by nature with all the qualities that go to make up a successful author.

One aspirant has interesting ideas—and a dull, uninteresting style. Another has great creative imagination but is woefully weak on structure and technique. A third has a natural writing knack—yet lacks judgment and knowledge of human behavior. In each case success can come only after the **missing links** have been forged in.

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In fact, so stimulating is this association that student members often begin to sell their work **before** they finish the course. We do not mean to insinuate that they skyrocket into the "big money," or become prominent overnight. Most beginnings are made with earnings of $25, $50, $100 or more for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, homemaking, travel, sports, recipes, local, club and church activities, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

Free to those who want to know

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LETTERS

IMMIGRATION OF ASIATICS

B. K. SANDWELL concludes his review (in the Oct. 13 issue) of Cook's "Human Fertility" by asking: "On what basis, other than that of superior force, can we found our right to exclude both these people (of Asia) and their products from our part of the world . . . ?"

Leaving the products to the economists, the following reasons for excluding Asiatics come most readily to my mind.

(1) They are unassimilable. The natural biological prejudice against race-crossing is no greater on the part of white people in British Columbia than in the blacks of Bechuanaland. It is normal. Efforts of misguided advocates of miscegenation to have the Orientals embraced as "New Canadians" would be more than offset by the counter-efforts of the inevitable priests and rabbis that the newcomers would bring with them. These last would undoubtedly rant long and loud against every kind of racial discrimination — except their own strenuous efforts to prevent their race from being assimilated by marriage with others. Inter-mating with the Asiatics would go little further than the maintenance of that steady supply of illegitimate half-castes necessary to provide heart-rending themes for Hollywood tear-jerkers.

(2) Such a racial minority is at best a dubious asset in times of stress, as in great wars. As the Indians have shown in Natal, it can be a cause of perennial strife.

(3) There is little likelihood that the camel would be satisfied to get only his nose into the tent, and to leave the rest of him in Asia. There is still less that any vote-hungry politician would have the intestinal fortitude to thwack that nose and drive the camel out of the tent.

(4) Migration of Asiatics to North America, while creating new problems here, would solve none for Asia. In 1946 the Indian Committee on Health Survey and Development estimated that the population of India would increase in ten years by 83 million. The curse of India, and of China, too, is unrestricted and unremitting reproduction. It is a hydra-headed monster, for every temporary relief from what Malthus called the natural checks on the growth of populations merely accelerates the rate of reproduction. Most of the good done in a decade of Colombo Planning will be wasted because any resultant increase in the production of food will not match the increase in the number of mouths that clamor for it.

Some years ago, a Chautauqua orator held hopeful audiences spellbound while he expounded the doctrine that "Millions now living will never die." Real relief of Asia's misery depends not on boats carrying Asiatics west or wheat east, but on her facing squarely the fact that millions now living should never have been born.

F. B. HUTT,
Professor of Animal Genetics,
Ithaca, NY. Cornell University

Academy Award Winner

IT WAS a very agreeable surprise for me to read this morning in your issue of October 20, a very kind note about the award granted to me by the French Academy.

I feel very grateful to you for this fine gesture.

(REV.) ARTHUR MAHEUX
Laval University, Quebec.

Pulse Beats and Eggs

RE THE ARTICLE "Seventy Pulse Beats for a Soft-Boiled Egg" some months ago, with my kind of pulse, please believe me, it takes 225 beats exactly for a soft egg. Why not play the "Marriage of Figaro" overture as they do in the Beecham household, whenever Sir Thomas wishes *oeuf à la coque?*

New Liskeard, Ont. C. SCHOENIJAHN

—Ron Smith in Ottawa Journal

BABES IN THE WOODS

—Donald McKague

THESE CANADIANS dancing with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, are (from l.) Don Gillies, Toronto, Carlu Carter, Winnipeg, Arnott Mader, Kitchener, Ont.

THE BALLET AGE

CHOREO-CATALYST

THE SADLER'S WELLS Theatre Ballet company is now touring Canadian cities after a highly successful week in Toronto. This company, like the Sadler's Wells Company, is under the direction of Dame Ninette de Valois whose main company has achieved two overwhelming public triumphs in the past two years.

The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet company has dramatized our justification for looking towards Canadians for fine ballet. Included in the company are three talented Canadians: Arnott Mader of Kitchener, Ont.; Carlu Carter of Winnipeg; and Don Gillies of Toronto. All three of them graduated from the ranks of Canadian companies with training and skill that commanded the attention of Dame Ninette, whose standards are the highest in the world.

Such Canadian companies as the recently introduced National Ballet Company under Celia Franca and the Ruth Sorel Ballet in Montreal; the Canadian School of the Ballet, Toronto, under ex-Winnipeg Ballet director Gweneth Lloyd; and the Winnipeg Ballet: all these are busy polishing, improving and turning out finished dancers; they are also preparing busy schedules for the 1952-53 season. Much of the personnel is fresh and young—as was the SWTB personnel—and it is also eager for recognition by fellow Canadians. After the SWTB has reached a wide circle in Canada (and Toronto's response will be easily reached in the other tour stops) Canadians will be eager for more and more ballet. They will be surprised and pleased to find that dancers of the calibre of Carter, Gillies and Mader are just as eager to bring it to them.

NOTEWORTHY...

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Illustrated—Buick Custom 4-Door De Luxe Tourback Sedan

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It rides the road with majestic smoothness, and comes to a smooth and gentle halt, in response to the finest brakes that Buick engineers ever developed.

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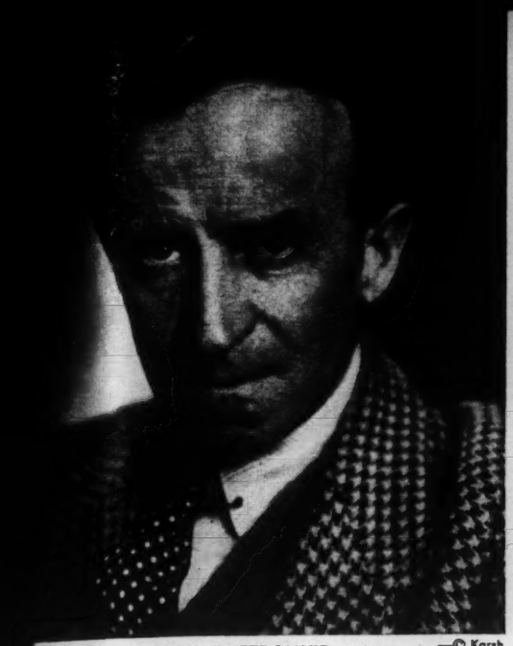

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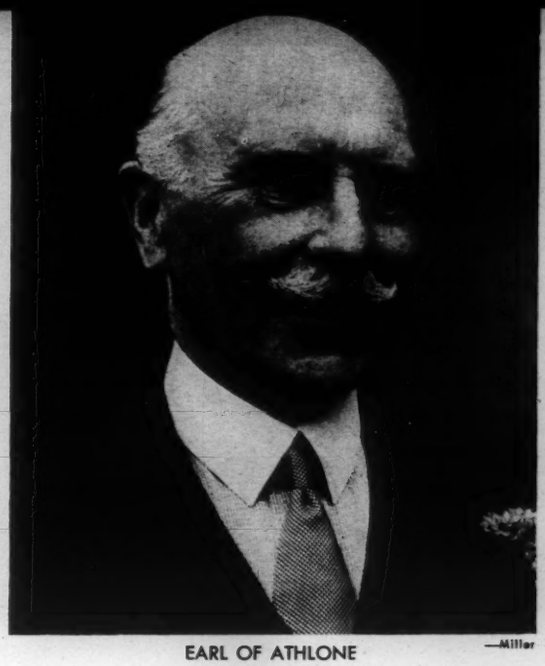

EARL OF ATHLONE
1940—1945
—Miller

VISCOUNT ALEXANDER
1946—1952

RELIC OF COLONIALISM?

WHICH CANADIAN WILL BE THE GOVERNOR GENERAL?

1952—1957

by Frank Flaherty

AN INCREASING NUMBER of people take it for granted that the next Governor General of Canada will be a Canadian. Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent, who will decide, has said nothing, publicly at least, but he has been busy tidying up a few things which might be considered anomalous, but ineffective relics of Canada's earlier colonial state. He has abolished appeals to the judicial committee of the Privy Council from Canadian courts. He has made a start at taking the custody of the Canadian constitution out of the hands of the British Parliament.

The two major remaining relics of colonialism are the lack of a distinctive Canadian flag and the fact that the most imposing and most lucrative public office in Canada is held by a non-Canadian. Mackenzie King tried to do something about the flag a few years ago but dropped the question when it became too hot politically and Louis St. Laurent is not likely to take it up again. But when Viscount Alexander of Tunis surrenders his vice-regal office next summer the betting is heavy that St. Laurent will advise the King to appoint a Canadian to the post.

Some say it will be Ross Macdonald, speaker of the House of Commons, some that it will be Vincent Massey, some that it should be an outstanding educationist or business man who has no background of partisan politics. The very fact that Viscount Alexander's term has been twice extended, once for a year and recently for six months, suggests the government is having trouble picking a new man among the admittedly limited number of Canadians suitable for the post.

Whoever they pick there is likely to be argument, not necessarily about the man, but about the change from an overseas to a native appointee. Some will say a lawyer from Brantford, such as Mr. Macdonald, who is known to thousands of people by his first name cannot endow the office with as much dignity as a titled Englishman who is something of a stranger. Others will contend that the change will make for a greater degree of intimacy between the Crown and the people.

The acclaim and affection with which Princess Elizabeth was greeted everywhere in Canada would appear to be pretty solid proof that Canadians are contented monarchists, and are not likely to be swerved into republicanism by the fact that one of themselves is chosen to exercise the monarch's functions at Ottawa. That very acclaim, indeed, may make it easier for Mr. St. Laurent to do what more than one prime minister before him has contemplated doing, put a stop to the historic parade of overseas dignitaries into Rideau Hall.

Officially and legally the change means nothing. For many years now the Governor General has been appointed by the King on the advice of his Canadian ministers. Ross Macdonald, if the choice falls on him, will be the King's representative in Canada in the same way as Viscount Alexander and his predecessors. He will live in Government House, preside at the opening and closing of Parliament, sign bills and orders in the name of the King, receive foreign ambassadors, travel about the country in royal state making carefully innocuous speeches, laying corner stones and opening new public buildings, inspecting military establishments.

The most noticeable consequence may be a subtle alteration in the social atmosphere surrounding the Governor General, imperceptible to many people outside Ottawa. No Canadian is likely to become Governor General without being

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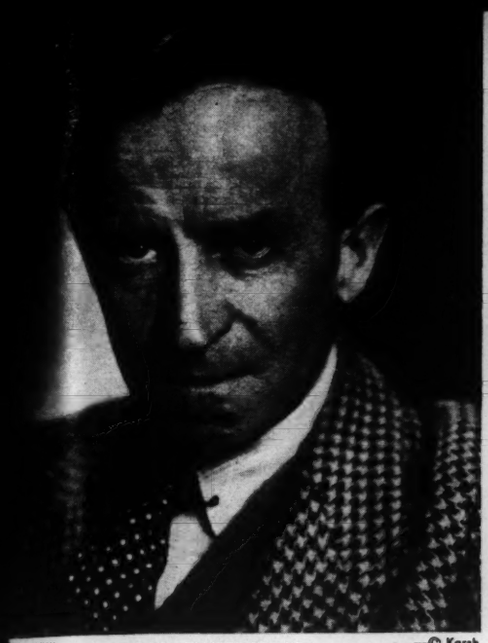

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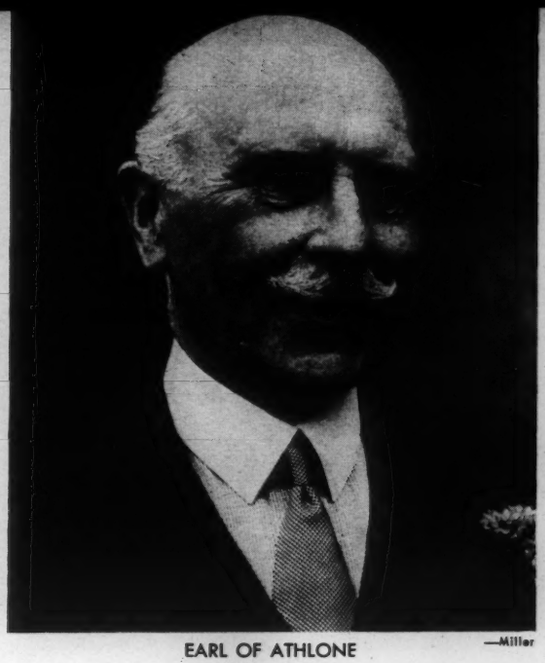

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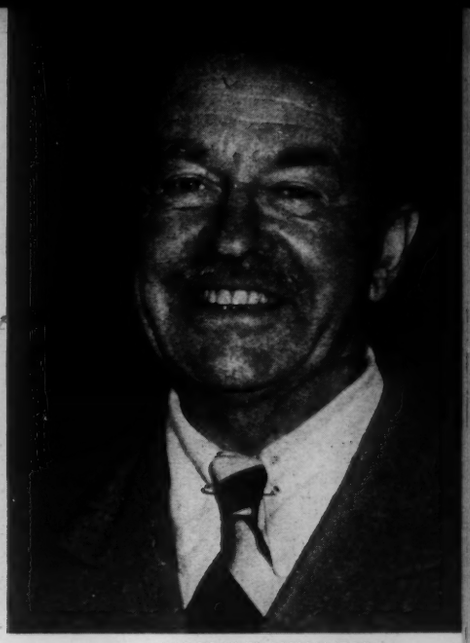

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

FRANK FLAHERTY, *veteran member of the Ottawa Press Gallery, is well-known to Canadian newspaper and* SATURDAY NIGHT *readers.*

SOUTHBOUND

NORTHBOUND

KOREA NOTEBOOK

NIGHT TRAIN TO SEOUL

by Frank Robertson

Seoul.

NOBODY knows the number of people living in Pusan, Korea's temporary capital, but all too clearly it is far too many, perhaps by half a million or more.

A walk through its twisting streets is a trying exercise that calls for the skill and agility of a person attempting to fend off a swarm of attackers with one hand tied behind his back—a true enough simile since if you know Pusan you carry one hand behind you whenever you are abroad, placed firmly over your wallet pocket.

There is little of the colorful Orient about Pusan. It is a grey, sooty city, built fairly recently—as these things are measured—by the Japanese.

The overcrowding is emphasized by dirt, the odor from open sewers, and by the persistent importunities of professional beggars and hordes of youngsters aggressively offering to shine shoes, change money or arrange introductions. Prostitution lately has become widespread in Korea; a local newspaper announced a few days ago that there were 55,000 prostitutes in Seoul and its province.

Whole blocks of Pusan are out of bounds to Allied troops, marked so by garish yellow paint splashed across shopfronts and telephone poles. I ventured across the line once, but was quickly picked up by military police. My destination in the forbidden area had been the Korean United Nations Association. Military police are everywhere in Pusan, white and Negro. As in any war they seem more officious than those stationed closer to the front, but they have their problems.

The crime rate is high. Much of Pusan's heavy civilian motor traffic runs on stolen army petrol. Most of the decrepit civilian taxis have jeep tires. Hundreds of jeeps are stolen every month, many of them reappearing boldly marked with the name of an organization that more than likely does not exist. After all, when you have half a hundred organizations known by such names as UNCURK, UNKRA and UNCACK, who dares to question the ownership of a jeep marked, for example, UNLACK?

IN PUSAN, the old story about a driver who had his watch snatched from his wrist while signalling a turn has been revived. Robber bands of eight or ten roam by night, and do not hesitate to set upon UN troops.

It is a relief to get aboard the night train for the twelve-hour trip to Seoul. There are berths in an ancient American Pullman car for the privileged, but you line up to draw your sheets and blanket and sign for them in true army fashion. The sheets always bring comment: for many on the train it is the first time in nine months or a year that they have enjoyed such luxury.

The up train is quiet. Coming down from Seoul it carried men bound for home who filled the night with exuberant noise. There is an Ethiopian, a tall rangy young man, reserved and completely apart, conjuring up a picture of silent young warriors swinging tirelessly across a broad plain. There is a young Filipino officer who speaks with Latin gestures and insists upon calling you sir. The boisterous group of Canadians across the aisle is headed back for the front, just released from hospital. And there is an American doctor, with two nurses, returning north to join another southbound hospital train.

The doctor is young, and new to the East. He cannot understand how so many people in Pusan remain alive; by his count, they should all be dead from a multitude of diseases. He tells of detecting leprosy in the face of more than one passer-by in the crowded city. He is indignant, too, because the Korean Government charges so much for the use of its railways by the hospital trains.

The train runs smoothly through the night, the machine-gun mounted for protection is silent. Korean Communists evidently lack the initiative of their Chinese counterparts, for this all-important line never has been disrupted by sabotage or attack. We pull

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

—all photos from Miller

HALF A MILLION PEOPLE TOO MANY IN PUSAN

FRANK ROBERTSON *is London* Observer *and* Christian Science Monitor *correspondent in Korea.*

—Photos by Federal

MASTERSON MOODS: Businesslike Varsity coach gives last-minute tips *(above)* to Quarterback Alex Lawson (60) and Bill McFarlane before Queen's-Varsity game. *Rt.*, temperamental Masterson despairs in game crisis. Final score: V-15; Q-7.

HAM, SPICE, TOUCHDOWNS

Coach Masterson of Varsity

by George MacFarlane

THE RENAISSANCE of Canadian football has brought a surge of colorful giants to this country from the land of the four downs and the downfield block. One of the most colorful of these monetary missionaries is the University of Toronto's hulking easy-grinning Bob Masterson.

Toronto Varsity, last stand of the Canadian coach in Inter-collegiate football, was in a desperate frame of mind four years ago. London Mustangs, a modern college football entry drawn from a student body roughly one-fifth the size of Toronto's, had spilled the Blue blood so frequently that Varsity's football interest was beginning to look anemic.

Varsity's transfusion choice was R. P. (Bob) Masterson, a University of Miami alumnus and former all-professional end with Washington Redskins. Masterson's arrival was not unmarked by considerable clucking of alarm from some of Varsity's weatherbeaten brass who bemoaned the strengthening of American influence on Canadian football in general. Masterson proceeded to silence the murmurs with dispatch. In 1948, his first season as head coach, the Blues not only marched to the college crown, but humiliated the mighty Mustangs on successive Saturdays.

Football Royalty

While subsequent seasons were to prove considerably less successful, the rollicking, fun-loving Masterson almost overnight became a member of Canadian football royalty. An offer came from the Winnipeg Blue Bombers. Masterson enjoyed to the full the ensuing battle for his services while Varsity officials nervously raised the ante, then re-raised it. In four seasons Masterson has proved to be the best public relations executive the University of Toronto has ever experienced. The fact that he has sometimes been too outspoken to suit the dignity of the staid old institution has been buried in the wealth of favorable publicity he has attracted.

But like many of his fellow immigrants from the U.S.,—he has been quick to criticize many things in Canada, and he has never been able to overcome completely his distaste for the meeker college football operation in this country. Hockey, the game closest to Canadian hearts, he dislikes with unreasonable intensity. ("They skate about like crazy for a couple of hours and somebody shoots the puck into the net off three legs and a couple of pairs of pants and it's called a great play.") Prime reason for his dislike of hockey is that in Canada, and Toronto in particular, football news suffers badly as soon as the newspapers report the dropping of the first puck.

Apart from this side of his nature which is mellowing each year, Masterson is one of the brightest characters in the Canadian football industry. His quick wit, almost always at the ready, makes him a charter member of the Toronto Men's Press Club Quarterback Club, a weekly radio show which he often steals outright.

Queried one day on his remarkably relaxed radio style, Masterson blushingly admitted that he had majored in dramatics at college.

Like most football coaches, he's a constant weeper; his calculated crying spells have given radio and press men an endless stream of tear-stained copy. No newspaperman has ever received anything but a welcome at the Varsity dressing room door. As a writer himself, Masterson has proved a mild success with a series of instructional columns on football fundamentals in the Toronto *Telegram*.

Writ by Hand

However, it must be reported that for a while he almost drove the paper's Sports Editor out of his mind. Disdaining a typewriter, he scrawled his copy in illegible longhand; then would complain loudly that faulty reproduction was making both him and the newspaper look foolish. Now, the copy is typed at the Varsity Athletic Office.

As a football strategist, Masterson is considered one of the most imaginative, although conditioning and fundamentals he rates well in front in

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GEORGE MACFARLANE *is a member of the sports staff of the* Globe and Mail.

PERSUASION JOB

PARLIAMENT FOR NATO

by Michael Barkway

THE "Atlantic Community" has become respectable. Sponsors as eminent as Acheson, Schuman and Morrison adopted it at the Ottawa meetings of the Atlantic Council.

In earlier days when St. Laurent and Pearson were among the pioneers pushing the idea, perhaps it didn't matter so much that nobody knew very clearly what "Atlantic Community" meant. Now that it has become the vogue, it might be better that we should all know what we are talking about.

Most of the speeches of the statesmen are more confusing than enlightening.

You could collect a pile of speeches a foot high. And when you'd read them all, you'd still be asking, "What is this Atlantic Community?"

The forward moves in political affairs, and particularly in international relations, aren't made just because they seem to be good ideas. They are made, nearly always, because they seem to be the only way of resolving a situation which otherwise would be intolerable. This is one reason why the important move towards "Atlantic Community" made at Ottawa in September was not the one that carried that label.

The Atlantic Council issued a lengthy and turgid statement, which some newspapers over-enthusiastically called "The Ottawa Declaration." It was a rather self-conscious attempt to persuade the people of the North Atlantic countries that NATO is worrying about their "social and economic well-being" as well as their defence. A committee of five of the smaller powers (Canada, Belgium, Italy, Netherlands and Norway) is now trying to think up something practical in the way of non-military cooperation.

If it is able to direct attention to some of the things some of our allies are doing which injure the rest of us—and if it is able to exert any pressure towards getting them corrected—it will be doing something of definite, if limited, use. But it will not, in any case, be the major move.

Job for Business Committee

The major move, if there is to be one, can only come from the rough, tough business committee of twelve on which Douglas Abbott is the Canadian representative and Averell Harriman the American. The brief to the Committee of Twelve doesn't talk about "community". It tells them to find some way of matching defence needs with economic capabilities. They have to get down to cases: to see which countries could be doing more than they are, which countries are endangering their stability for the sake of defence, and which countries have superfluities of resources with which they might help others.

This committee is not vaguely looking for good ideas. It's facing a situation which has got to be resolved because it is not tolerable. General Eisenhower and the Standing Group say they need more troops and more arms if they are to deter Russian aggression. Britain and France and other European countries say they cannot produce more troops and more arms without ruining their economies and letting the Communist demon in by the backdoor while they are busy guarding the front.

International Levy

This is a challenge that has to be met if NATO is to survive. In the long run the only way to meet it is to persuade all the NATO countries to do things they don't want to do or don't think they can do. It is not enough—and every Government now knows it is not enough—to leave each country to say what it will do. If we are going to find the strength to deter Russia, it will only be by something like an international levy. If the Harriman committee is to produce results its report must be very like the recommendation of such a levy—to be laid, not least, upon North America.

But there is no authority, anywhere, which can impose a levy. Sitting round the conference table, it may not be hard to persuade Mr. Claxton of Canada, M. Bidault of France, or Signor Pacciardi of Italy, that his country should make a particular contribution. But these ministers are not worrying unduly about what is fair in the light of pure reason. They are thinking about what they can "put across" their finance

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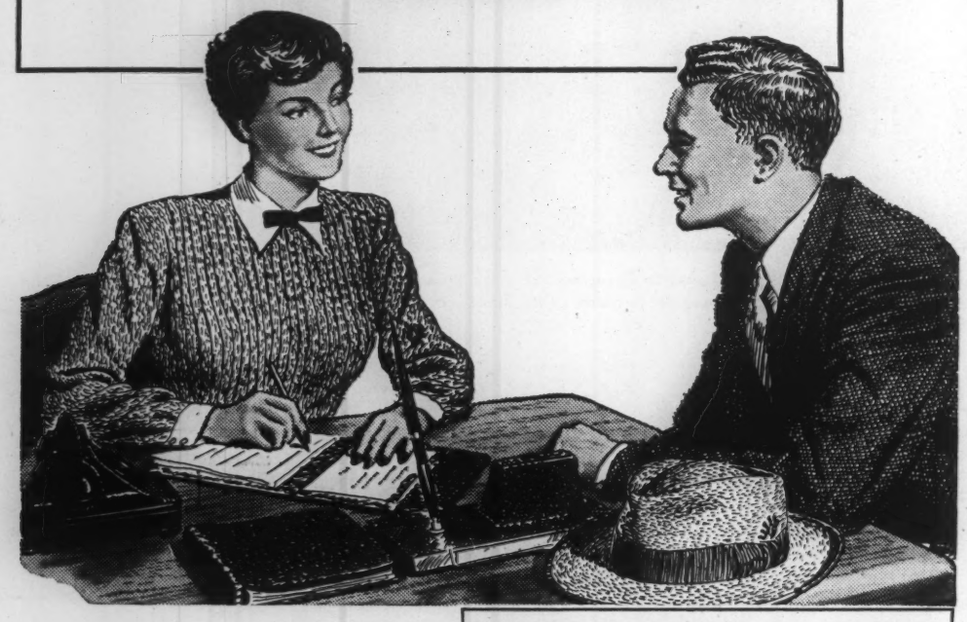

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WORLD AFFAIRS

BETTER THAN COLLIER'S DREAMED UP

by Willson Woodside

THAT special number of *Collier's* on World War III and the liberation of Russia has come back to my mind time and again in the past few weeks. For all the fine editorial introduction about sounding a powerful call for reason and understanding between East and West, the total effect of this journalistic enterprise is to leave the feeling that World War III is inevitable.

Any references I have made in these columns during the past six years to World War III have been to ways in which it could be averted; and I think that *Collier's* could have spent their time far more profitably in putting out a special number on "Winning Without War." Would it be as exciting? Well, by the purest coincidence a review copy has come my way of a book on this very topic, *Red Sky at Night* (Palm, $2.50). It is written by Ronald Matthews, husband of Tanya Matthews, who wrote that exceptionally interesting book *Russian Child and Russian Wife*.

MATTHEWS tells the story as from Moscow, 1974. Away back in the late 'forties he used to ponder, he says, the problem of what we should try to put over to the Russian people and how to put it over.

His story seems to arise out of a remark which he attributes to Koestler, "You have to set a gospel to beat a gospel," and an exclamation of his own, in the course of a long discussion of the Tyranny with a French journalist: "You know, I sometimes think that if the Kremlin regime were brought down there would be in Russia one of the most colossal explosions of religious fervor that the world has ever known."

As Matthews relates it, his French friend thereupon invites him to come along on his next trip to Lithuania, where a fervently Christian resistance movement is operating in the forests. It is here that you really begin to be impressed by the solidity of this book, which the jacket blurb claims to be based on fact and experience. There *is* an underground movement in Lithuania today, and one in which priests who have been driven from their churches play an important role. I have met couriers from this movement. All that Matthews relates of it is entirely possible and plausible.

It is the same with his next experience, and the one after that, by means of which he sets the European stage for his great drama. His second experience is a trip into Albania, where he again contacts the Christian underground groups; of Albania he observes with shrewd military judgment that he had thought, ever since Tito's defection cut it off from direct contact with the Soviet world, that a little effort on our part could have sponsored an uprising here which would have dealt a big prestige blow to the Kremlin.

His third experience is with a Ukrainian underground representative whom he meets, perhaps in Germany, who tells the American authorities of his organization and asks for arms and supplies. There *is* such an organization; and, once again, I too have talked in recent months with representatives of it. Matthews' fictional contribution to their problem is "Operation Smash-and-Grab," by which the Americans allow the Ukrainians to "seize" planes loaded with arms and fly them off.

DURING that time Tanya Matthews has been carrying on a "Discussion College" for refugees from the Soviet Union and deserters from the Red Army. The thing which seemed to take the strongest hold on them was the Christian faith. Some believed that they must carry it back with them into the land of the Tyranny. Needless to say, the faith of all of these peoples behind the Iron Curtain was the faith of Christians in the catacombs, not that of people driving comfortably to church on Sunday.

In this Europe, on some New Year's Eve vaguely in the late 'fifties, a new star appeared in the sky. Then in the summer, "quite casually, the thing happened." There was a five-line agency dispatch from Vienna, telling of rumors of the miraculous raising from the dead of a young man in the small town of Bystrica in the Carpathians, rumors which had started a stream of pilgrims flowing to the place.

The account of how the news spread and the effect it had on people is handled with a wealth of practical detail. It was "a natural thing, like the break-up of an Arctic ice-pack." The raising "shattered the whole myth of the Tyranny's omnipotence."

All over Central and Eastern Europe, where, as he says, the peasants are very religious, people "quite suddenly, quite certainly, set about doing the one thing that had to be done." They had to get to Bystrica. So did pilgrims from Western Europe, even Paris; and from overseas. Ronald and Tanya Matthews make their way there, through the Iron Curtain, at the end of the first fortnight, just as the carpenter Gavrilovich leads off a Crusade to liberate the peoples of Russia.

The story of how the Crusaders approached and then passed the frontiers of Soviet Russia, told always with plausible detail, I found more gripping than anything in the *Collier's* "liberation"—in which only Koestler's contribution matches Matthews' book in realism.

I suppose there will be many who will think that there could hardly be anything *less* realistic than to count on a miracle to free Russia and avert a horrible atomic war. *Collier's* story is free of that sort of thing. And that is exactly what is missing in it. From whence does all its brotherly love and generous aid in reconstruction come, after all the atomic bombs and hell-fire, unless there has been a spiritual miracle?

The point is: Matthews does not leave it all to God to do. On his every page people are exerting themselves and sacrificing themselves, doing practical things to advance the cause.

—Frith in The Melbourne Herald

THE NEW PASTOR

EGYPT KNOCKS OUT – HERSELF

by Sebastian Haffner

IT IS BEGINNING to look as if Egypt, by her summary rejection of the Four-Power offer of a Middle East Pact, and by her denunciation of her treaties with Britain, has managed to knock herself out.

Once this is generally realized, it is bound to produce a general reorientation of forces both in the Middle East and in North Africa.

Egypt's leading role in Arab politics up to a fortnight ago was only partly due to her inherent strength. It was much more due to her special relationship with Britain, which enabled her to use Britain's power and political credit locally for her own ends. This relationship Egypt has destroyed at one stroke.

Egypt has on her territory a property which is of absolutely vital importance to Britain: the Suez Canal. Since it was of the utmost interest to

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Britain to use this—to her—indispensable international waterway with Egypt's concurrence and goodwill, she had to shape her Middle Eastern policy with extreme consideration for Egyptian interests and aspirations.

In fact, by threatening Britain with trouble over the Suez Canal, Egypt could for long years almost dominate British Middle Eastern policy as if by blackmail, and this enabled her to play the role of a local Great Power. It also enabled her constantly to raise the price for her alliance.

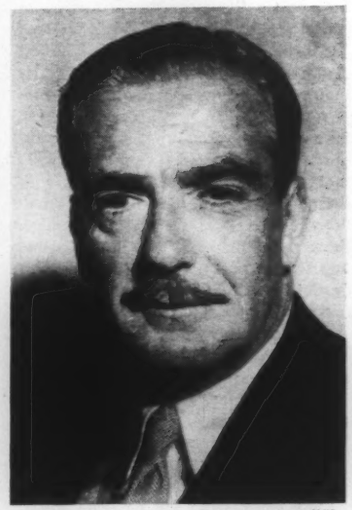
But now that Egypt has torn up the British alliance for good and all, she has suddenly destroyed this power over British policy.

Since Egypt has made it clear to Britain that no amount of concessions will enable her to keep control of the Suez Canal with Egyptian goodwill, Britain has been driven to take control of the Suez Canal by force. She has done so with the utmost ease and smoothness. Thereby, the whole Middle Eastern position has by one stroke been transformed. The extreme limitations of Egyptian power have been shown up; and the influence which Egypt hitherto had on Britain has disappeared. If the British interest was up to now to humor and strengthen Egypt, it is now inevitably to isolate and weaken Egypt.

Four Possibilities

To recover from the discomfiture she has suffered, Egypt would have to remove the British military grip on the Suez Canal. How can she do this? There are, theoretically, four possibilities; but none of them looks promising. Direct military attack on the British positions along the Suez Canal by the weak Egyptian armed forces holds no hope of success. An appeal to the UN Security Council would show up the weakness of their legal case, based on the validity of unilateral denunciation of a freely concluded Treaty.

As another possibility, Egypt could seek an alliance with Russia. But Russia may not be over-keen to conclude such an alliance. In order to dislodge the British from the Suez Canal on behalf of the Egyptians she would have to start a world war—which she has hitherto shown herself reluctant to do. If she does not intend to do this, she would only detract from her prestige by concluding an alliance with Egypt and then doing nothing.



—Miller

ANTHONY EDEN takes a vigorous fresh grip on the explosive Suez Canal problem.

Finally, the Egyptians could try to make life difficult for the British in the Canal area by means of sabotage and terrorism. But the geographical conditions do not favor that kind of warfare, and the interest at stake for Britain is too vital to allow her to accept defeat by such methods.

The likelihood is therefore that Britain will stay in control of Suez, that Egypt will stay discomfited, and that her influence in the Middle East and North Africa will suffer a corresponding eclipse.

The vacuum left by this is considerable. For Egypt has been the leading partner in the Arab League, and the leading champion of nationalism in Morocco and Tunisia, as well as a considerable influence in Libya. She is now unlikely to preserve any of these positions.

In North Africa, the eclipse of Egypt will chiefly benefit France. The absolute refusal of Egyptian nationalism to co-operate with a wider community on any terms, and its blindness to the most immediate consequences of its own actions has harmed the cause of Arab nationalism in general, and lent some point to the French contention that this nationalism is not a sufficiently mature force to be trusted with responsibility in important regions. —*OFNS*

Revolt in Kazakhstan

by Edward Crankshaw

THE KREMLIN, says the Voice of America, has recently suppressed the most serious peasant revolt since the war. This revolt was in Kazakhstan, and the armed forces of the MVD had to be heavily reinforced to deal with it.

Such news is not in the least unexpected to anyone who knows Russia and has followed the Soviet Press during the last eighteen months. All over the Soviet Union rebellion has been in the air—above all in Western Ukraine and only the overwhelming force of the MVD has kept it from breaking out. The cause of this resistance, for the most part passive, but sometimes flaring up into spasmodic violence,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

"She's my favorite customer — Mary Jones' youngest. Comes in, regular as clockwork, with her mother's grocery order. And am I happy to fill it!

"Shocked us all when her dad died so suddenly. How would Mary manage with three youngsters to feed? But we needn't have worried. They eat regularly . . . and well. Jim saw to that.

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NATIONAL ROUND-UP

Saskatchewan:

OLD-AGE PENSION PUZZLES

SPECIAL SESSION of the Saskatchewan Legislature will open Dec. 3 to deal with old-age pensions legislation, Premier T. C. Douglas has announced. No other legislation will come before the house.

On Jan. 1, the Federal Government will take over full responsibility for means-test-free pensions for those 70 and over and will pay half the cost of pensions of $40 a month, with a means test, for the 65-69 age group.

Saskatchewan has agreed to enter the scheme for the 65-69 age group but complementary legislation will be necessary. For this reason the special session has been called. The scheme is estimated to cost Saskatchewan $500,000 more than it has been paying for pensions under the current scheme.

Although the complementary legislation may not cover the situation, there are several problems facing the Government in connection with the two pension plans which are almost sure to get an airing in the house from members.

One is the question of the $2.50 a month bonus now being paid to old-age pensioners. Premier Douglas has said that no one will suffer under the new schemes. This points up the question of payment to those who will be the sole responsibility of the Federal Government. It also raises the question of whether payment should go to those who may not be in need even of the Federal Government's $40 a month in the 70 and over class. There is also the question whether the bonus payment will be made to those in the 65-69 age class.

A major problem, too, lies in hospital and medical services for the two pension groups.

At present, pensioners over 70 receive medical and hospital care without payment of the annual levies to the Province for this scheme. Whether this will continue for the 70 and over group that will be the Federal Government's responsibility is a question.

Also a question is the extension of these services without charge to the new 65-69 age group. The hospitalization tax for next year is now being collected and the government is collecting from the 65-69 age group, many of whom will be eligible for pensions. The Province is also collecting from the 70 and over group for hospitalization, who are not now on old-age pension but who will be eligible on Jan. 1.

How these matters will be handled has not been indicated.

Alberta:

WEEDING-OUT

EARLY next month, a team of experts from a big Calgary packing plant will start on the first slaughter of buffalo to be held since 1948 at Elk Island, Alberta, home of the world's biggest remaining buffalo herd.

The herd now stands at an estimated 1,625 head—600 up from the figure left over at the last weeding-out. Federal scientists figure that the animals thrive best when the herd stands at about 1,000: hence the decision to slaughter more than a third of the present stock.

The buffalo will be killed off in a new abattoir just completed at the park. Of the 600, 75 will be 3-year-old males, 75 will be 4-year-old males, 300 will be 5-year-old males and the remaining 150 will be 5-year-old females. This division has been worked out on the basis of careful estimates of stamina, fertility and the future of the herd. The RCMP will get 75 of the hides—presumably for winter coats; another 60 skins will go to the Department of Resources, and the rest will be sold commercially.

As for the meat, it will all be sold to the public through regular commercial channels; the younger animals' carcasses will be butchered as fresh meat, the older will be processed. But if you are smacking your lips at the prospect of a nice plate of roast buffalo or buffalo steak, perhaps you'd better do a little quick mental arithmetic. How much buffalo meat does 600 buffalo divided by 14 million hungry Canadians represent?

British Columbia:

NEW QUESTION

VANCOUVER is going to vote again on whether it should ask for legislation which would ease Sunday entertainment restrictions. Last year, citizens turned down a "wide-open Sunday" plebiscite, as expected. Next Dec. 12, they will vote on this one:

"Are you in favor of extending the present regulations which permit amateur sports, entertainments and cultural events to also permit the holding of commercial: (a) athletic sporting events of all kinds; (b) cultural events; (c) theatre performances on Sundays between the hours of 2 p.m. and midnight?"

Last year, 25,000 voted for a "wide-open Sunday"; 34,000 opposed it. The size of the "Yes" vote surprised many. Supporters of the new vote think there is a chance of passing it. Labor is expected to support it; there is on record a 13,000-name petition circulated by labor asking for the easing of restrictive laws.

The churches are opposing the plebiscite and fought a losing battle before City Council to have it killed. Church spokesmen insisted that if there is to be a vote at all, the words "which permit amateur sports, entertainments and cultural events" be included. A wide open battle is expected. Even if the vote is in favor, it means only the first hurdle. Vancouver would have to ask Victoria to amend Provincial legislation, and could expect a last-ditch battle all the way by opponents.

The churches made it clear they don't mind amateur sport on a Sunday. It's commercial sport and other entertainment they want to stop.

—CP

PROOF: Welfare Minister Martin looks over a pile of documents including old family bibles offered to his department as proof of eligibility for old age pensions at 65. With Mr. Martin, at his department's office in Quebec City, is Lionel Lafrance, regional pensions director, handling paper.

HOSPITAL BLAST

FOR MONTHS, a committee of eight members of the BC legislature has been probing its Hospital Insurance system. Not due to report to the Legislature until next February, it was so irked at things it thought wrong that it hurried through a 90-recommendation interim report. This was prepared in time for the two-day October session called to ratify the new old-age-pension scheme. The Government agreed to minor amendments, promised to study others.

Then a storm broke. Health Minister Douglas Turnbull openly criticized the committee because it recommended the restoration of budget cuts ordered for hospitals. The committee bellowed. Fire Turnbull, it ordered, or we quit. Observers said that the quarrel had the makings of a real Government crisis. It took all the persuasive powers of Premier Johnson and his right hand man, Attorney-General Gordon Wismer, to smooth out the row.

Out of it BC can expect a new boss for hospital insurance. Those close to the Government say that either the government will name Syd Smith, the probe committee chairman, as a new cabinet minister in charge of health insurance, or put the whole system under a commission in an effort to get it out of politics.

Newfoundland:

THE TREATMENT

PREMIER J. R. SMALLWOOD, who led Newfoundland into Confederation in 1949, is ready to "start a war" against Canadians. He made his outburst on the opening day of the 29th Assembly of the Provincial Parliament.

The reason for his ire was the treatment accorded a German Government mission which had landed at Goose Bay Airport to look over the timberlands on behalf of Newfoundland. The mission was confined a day by the authorities. Such action, declared the Premier, was outrageous. Labrador belonged to Newfoundland, not Canada, he declared.

What led up to the Premier's remarks was his statement on the temporary failure of the Seigheim pulpwood deal in Labrador. The deal has been shelved because of trouble in finding the most suitable shipping centres. Along with this obstacle, the Premier said a planned scheme was underfoot to discredit Labrador timber operations.

Manitoba:

FRESH FISH

A $500,000 industry has grown up almost overnight in the virtual wilderness near the northern Manitoba mining town of Sherridon.

Early this year a pair of enterprising northerners, Ingvar Stolberg and Walter Shmon, with an assist from a

—CP from DND

"ROCKY" OPENS FIRE: Brig. J. M. Rockingham, Commander of the Canadians in Korea, takes his place at the layer's position of a 25-pounder just prior to the firing of the 100,000th round laid down by the 2nd Regiment of the RCHA.

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Sharp natural Cheddar aged like wine

Are you seeking the finest cheese to serve ... and to enjoy? MacLaren's Imperial has been prized by connoisseurs since 1891, for its wonderful "old-time" flavour.

A masterpiece of the cheesemaker's art

Sharp cheese, like good wine, must age. MacLaren's Imperial acquires its rich flavour slowly, in the cool curing cellars at Kraft, under the watchful care of master cheesemakers. Not an ounce is sold until it has aged a year or longer!

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MacLaren's Imperial is smooth and spreadable — a texture unique in natural cheese, achieved through Kraft skill. Serve it on crackers for distinctive appetizers, with fruit for dessert, in hearty sandwiches.

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Epicures agree, this superb club cheese is among the world's finest. When you serve MacLaren's, you'll be as thrilled by everyone's comments as you are by the flavour! Ask your grocer for this famous Kraft favourite.

MAC LAREN'S
Imperial SHARP **Cheese**

"The aristocrat of sharp cheddars"

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By the Shute Institute for Clinical and Laboratory Medicine, London, Canada—Recent male graduate to do cardiology. Unique opportunity in largest heart clinic in Canada. Write, stating qualifications and experience, family, salary desired, etc. Personal interview will be required.

Winnipeg fish company, opened northern Manitoba's first fish filletting plant at Kississing (Cold Lake) two miles from Sherridon.

In the first six months the new plant turned out processed fish to the value of more than half a million dollars. In the first two weeks of June, the seventh month of operation, more than 18 tons of fillets were shipped out. Now the partners are planning to enlarge the present capacity.

Built at an initial cost of $40,000, the plant shows every indication of saving northern commercial fishermen money in several different ways.

The plant's opening has meant that commercial fishermen can sell all grades of fish in the Sherridon area. Previously, only grade "A" fish were caught for shipment to Winnipeg.

Processing of fish locally also eliminates dockage for waste after the long haul to Winnipeg, and danger of shipments being rejected after inspection in the city. Government inspection is now done on the spot.

The plant has a storage capacity of 66 tons while the quick freeze unit can put through 10,000 pounds every eight hours.

New Brunswick:

SWEET MUSIC

WITHIN two years it is likely that New Brunswick—with a population little more than half a million—will have more annual music festivals than any other Province in Canada.

The phenomenal growth of NB's "little festivals" is due largely to a plan launched by the Provincial Department of Education two years ago to make the schools music-conscious, and to the enthusiasm of Scottish-born David Thomson of Saint John, whom the department appointed music supervisor.

At that time, NB had six yearly festivals, including the week-long provincial event in Saint John and some regional festivals sponsored by citizens' organizations.

Last spring the number had expanded to 19, and next spring it will be 25—with requests pouring in from more towns and villages that want to get on the bandwagon.

Although the little festivals are built around the schools, they have become community institutions because church choirs and individual adults are welcome to take part.

Thomson adjudicates without charge, and the festival idea of frank comment is followed but no marks are awarded. All classes are non-competitive.

Surprising talent is often brought to light in the rural areas. For example at the coastal fishing village of Buctouche this year, the Grade One French mimetics group trained by convent sisters gave a song-with-actions performance which observers hailed as superb. Thomson believes it couldn't be excelled anywhere, and this opinion is concurred in by Father Breault, Director of the St. Joseph's collegian choir that won world honors for Canada in Wales.

Naturally Thomson is delighted with the widespread interest which the plan has aroused and which is reflected in the decision by several communities to enlarge their half-day festivals into one-day and two-day events.

His ultimate aim is to have three or more local festivals in every county, followed by a county competitive festival and, in turn, a regional festival, from which top talent would graduate to the overall NB event.

An incidental result: Two years ago most musicians who wanted to make a living had to leave NB. Today counties and local school boards are looking for music supervisors of their own, and there's a scarcity of qualified personnel.

Ontario:

WARMING UP?

IN ITS early weeks the Ontario election looked very much like a case of Beauty and the Boast. It also looked dull.

For the most part it developed into a straight fight between the Progressive Conservatives and the Liberals. (Although the CCF was the official Opposition in the last house its fortunes had ebbed and it wasn't being given much attention, except in key ridings, by either the Press or the two old parties.) And the campaign was not distinguished by any gripping contention.

Handsome Premier Frost took to the hustings with his record which he would have accepted as equally handsome. He not once mentioned by name his chief opponent, Liberal leader Walter Thomson.

And Mr. Thomson, who had come in for sharp criticism in the opposition press during the winter for large counsel fees he had received from VLA maintained a pledge he made at the opening of the campaign. This was that he wouldn't resort to personalities.

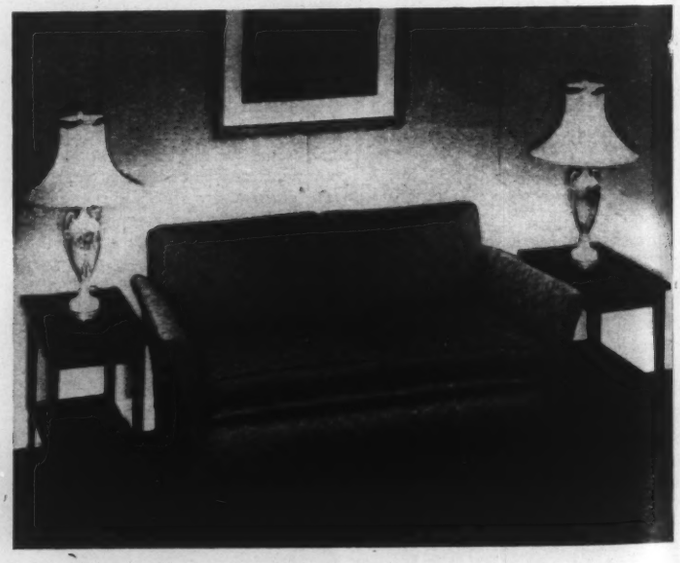
He spent all his time talking about a myriad of things he promised to do. Among them: a hospitalization plan, a three-cent cut in gasoline tax, cottage-style homes for the aged, a one-cent milk subsidy, subsidies on cheese and hogs, economies in government expenditures including six cabinet ministers who would go out "with secretaries, cars, baggage and expense accounts," a new housing ministry, possible Government entry into wall-board manufacture.

If this lasted it promises one of the dullest campaigns on record. However, it didn't.

One night speaking in Galt Mr. Frost began naming names. He criticized CCF Leader E. B. Jolliffe, and followed with a blow at Premier Douglas of Saskatchewan for interfering in the Ontario vote.

And the next day he turned to the Liberals. He still didn't mention Mr. Thomson by name. But he did several of their old standbys in the house, with unflattering remarks about each. The gist of them: they had never done anything and it was doubtful if they could.

This was a reassuring sign both to his own supporters who had been worried about the Premier's uninspiring campaign and to observers.



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PEOPLE

HONORS AND APPOINTMENTS

HONORS: New President of Chief Constables' Association is Winnipeg Police Chief CHARLES MACIVER. HAROLD H. LEATHER, MBE, a director of the Hamilton, Ont., branch of the Red Cross Society, has been made a life member of the Red Cross Society of Mexico. The honor was bestowed on him as leader of the Society's Canadian delegation to the Inter-American meeting in Mexico City.

■ U.S. honors came to DR. CHARLES BEST, co-discoverer of insulin, when he was appointed to the American Diabetes Association's national committee on detection and education. And DR. ERNEST CHARRON, Dean of the University of Montreal's Dental School, was elected President of the International College of Dentists at their Washington convention.

■ A Canadian retail store and a Canadian railway made U.S. news recently. The Robert Simpson Company of Toronto brought an advertising award to Canada for the first time when it won the coveted "Socrates" award for the excellence of its daily advertising. This 21-year-old award is made on the weekly checks of all daily newspapers in North America by a New York firm. Simpson's Advertising Manager is HOWARD S. MARK.

In the field of annual reports the CNR was a three-time winner in copping the "Oscar of Industry" offered in the *Financial World* survey, winning against 5,000 annual reports.

■ Skip Across lived up to his name. Skip Across is a jumper and took his rider, TOM GAYFORD of the Canadian jumping team, over the entire course at Harrison, Pa., without a single knock-down. W. R. (Bob) BALLARD and COL. CHARLES BAKER made up the 3-man team, to win the trophy for the lowest score.

UNIVERSITY NEWS: the University of Manitoba has announced the appointment of FINNBOGI GUDMUNDSSON of the University of Iceland as head of the recently endowed Chair of Icelandic Languages and Literature. Said University President A. H. S. GILLSON: "It is most uncommon that a community of people should band together to endow a chair at a university."

■ At McGill University the new International Air Law Institute is underway. Law graduates from Egypt, Greece, Formosa, Turkey, Central Europe, England, etc., are engaged in air-law research and the preparation of books on the subject in their own languages. Director of the new course is Professor JOHN COBB COOPER, legal consultant to the International Air Transport Association, Montreal.

■ And McGill seems to have played a bit part for one Scottish actor. The JAMES DONALD who stars in the British movie "White Corridors" gained his first acting experience while at McGill University. He also appeared in "Trottie True" and "Cage of Gold."

■ A child-nutrition expert has been appointed head of the Department of Pediatrics, University of British Columbia. DR. JOHN F. MCCREARY, a graduate of the University of Toronto in 1934, served as attending physician at Toronto's Sick Children's Hospital. Assigned in 1944 to assess nutrition and health of children in Europe, Dr. McCreary was decorated by the Netherlands Government.

■ The-man-who-wasn't-there item: Edmonton opened its Safety Week with a bright idea and no takers. An award of ten gallons of gasoline to a "completely safe and courteous" driver went begging. The patrol couldn't find one.

APPOINTMENTS: New Chancellor of Victoria College, University of Toronto, is the HON. LESTER B. PEARSON. A 51-year-old radio and electronics industrialist, REGINALD M. BROPHY, is now coordinator of Canada's defence production program.

■ They both served with the Canadian Field Artillery during the first World War. Now JOHN D. KEARNEY, Canada's Ambassador to the Argentina, is home to take over the job vacated by JUSTICE M. B. ARCHIBALD, that of Chief Commissioner of the Board of Transport Commissioners. Nova Scotia-born Justice Archibald

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was appointed to the NS Supreme Court in 1937; 11 years later became Chief Commissioner of the Transport Board. Kearney has been travelling for Canada—as Canadian Minister to Norway and Denmark; High Commissioner to Ireland; Canada's first High Commissioner to India.

■ AIR COMMODORE W. E. BENNETT of Halifax has been named Air Attaché at the Canadian Joint Staff in Washington. A Dalhousie grad, A/C Bennett joined the RCAF in 1933.

THEATRE: "South Pacific" moved Mary Martin to London, and in the show are three Canadians. Calgary-born JOHN MCLAREN plays one of the four male leads, a US naval officer. McLaren hit London in 1940 with the Canadian army; has been in British stage, films and radio ever since. In small supporting roles are RAY BUCKINGHAM of Ottawa and BILL NAGY of Hamilton.

■ And in New York, Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners" has a Canadian in its cast. DON HARRON gained his early acting experience with Toronto's New Play Society; went to England in the summer of '50 and has played in London's West End in "The Seventh Veil" with Ann Todd and in "A Streetcar Named Desire" with Vivien Leigh. He turned down a movie role just recently and one of the four-cast members of "A Sleep of Prisoners" got the part. So when the play was coming to New York, Fry had to replace the English actor, chose Harron. The play opened in St. James' Church (it was written to be played in a church) on Oct. 16; goes on tour Nov. 19.

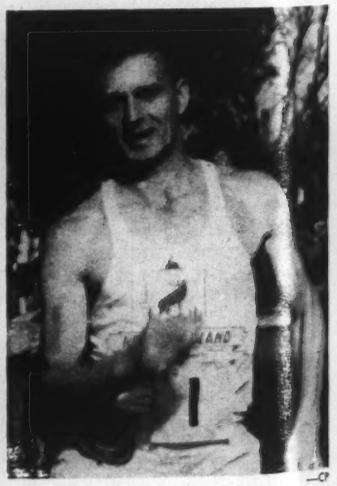
■ Christopher Fry is now available for the amateur circuit. The first Canadian production (as far as we know) of his "The Boy with a Cart" was done by London's Summer School of the Theatre, with BRANCH HOGG directing. Hart House's BOB GILL lists it, along with "A Phoenix Too Frequent", as his second University of Toronto production.

■ Toronto's Heliconian Club is a great sponsor of talent. Last year they presented SUSAN FLETCHER in her one-woman show; this Nov. 26 they are presenting soprano FLORENCE GLENN, Toronto-educated and a concert artist in France and England.

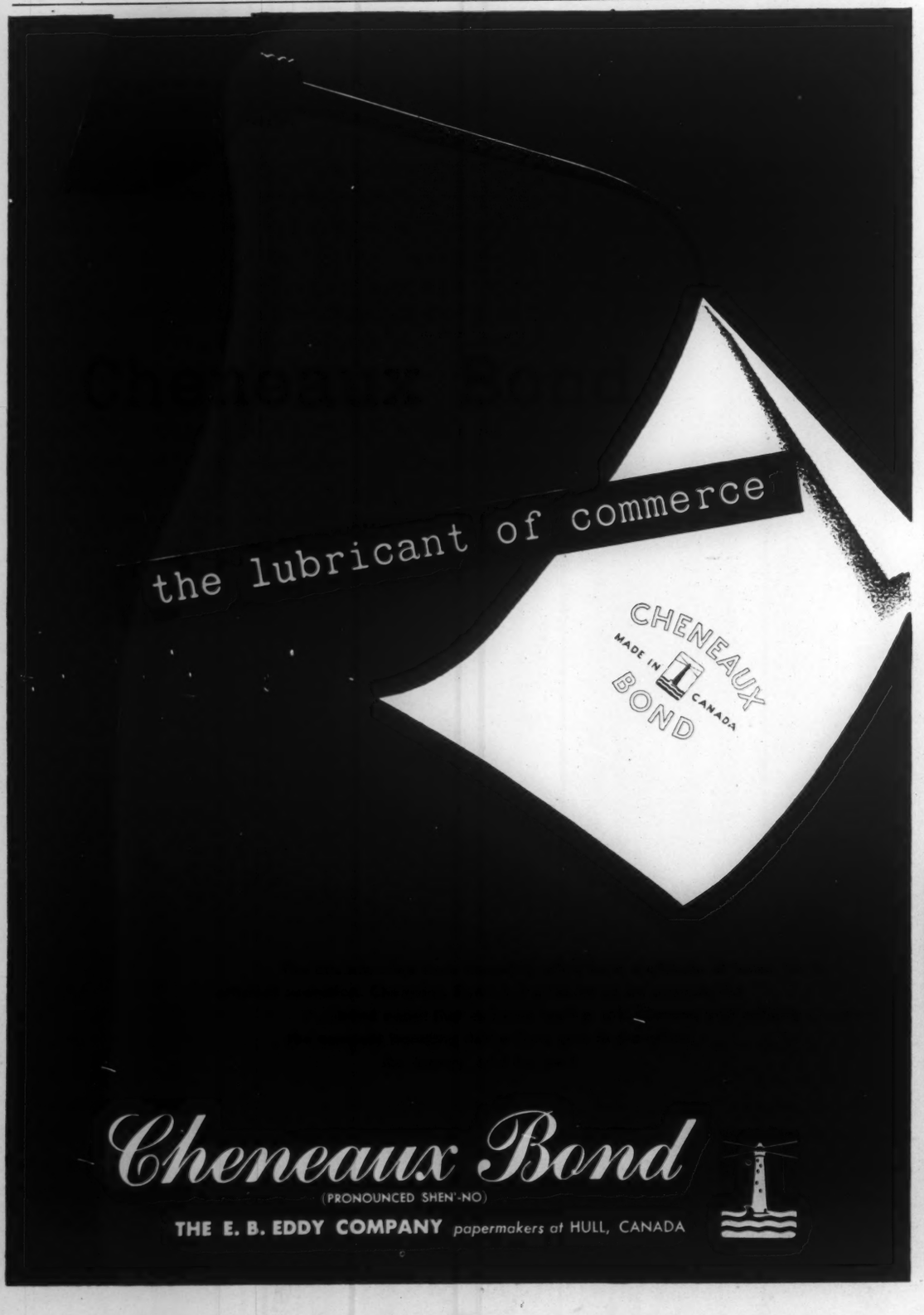
■ The first Eastern Ontario Drama League was recently organized. President is DOROTHY WHITE of the Ottawa Little Theatre.

■ MONA GOULD, she of the poetry-rhymes, has a new radio program over Toronto's CKEY. It's called "Carousel" and is a sort of magazine of the air. Part of it is devoted to the sayings of well known people. Asked what they always say whenever they're stumped, guesting B. K. SANDWELL replied: "My sacred aunt, it's incredible!" *Globe and Mail* columnist LOTTA DEMPSEY (who made the news recently by stepping into the Ottawa River from the Royal Tour press boat instead of onto the wharf gangplank) had a very appropriate one: "Leave us face it." And CLAIRE WALLACE has her favorite one: "The impossible just takes a little longer."

■ Newfoundland's champion walker, FERD HAYWARD, was one up and one down after last month's two major walking events. In the 30-kilometer (about 18¾ miles) race at Elizabeth, NJ, 40-year-old Hayward took fourth place. The following week-end came the Hamilton-to-Toronto grind. Unfortunately after 17 of the 41 miles, Hayward was seized with cramps and had to drop out. Only five finished the gruelling race, including 20-year-old Newfoundlander BREN MALLOY. The St. John's *Evening Telegram* raised over $1,000 in subscriptions to finance the Newfoundland 3-man team, which included MAX SOPER.



FERD HAYWARD



REVOLT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

has been the impact of the Soviet Government's new agricultural policy on a peasantry already driven to the limit.

It has long been clear that the Kremlin was having particular trouble with Kazakhstan. This Central Asian republic, far from being an out-of-the-way corner of the Soviet Union inhabited solely by Asiatic herdsmen, is swiftly being turned into one of the key areas of the Soviet economy. Kazakhstan, spreading from the Caspian Sea to Siberia, is the second largest republic in the Soviet Union. With an area more than five times the size of France, it has great natural resources which were untapped through the centuries because much of the country is a desert.

It is the aim of Soviet planners to turn Kazakhstan into a second Ukraine by irrigating the arid steppes, boring for oil and developing the Karaganda minerals. To this end hundreds of thousands of deportees from other parts of the Soviet Union have been brought there during the last ten years; some to toil in forced labor camps attached to industrial enterprises; others to work on the land. The native population has been heavily diluted, if not already outnumbered, by these new importations.

Already eighteen months ago the Kazakhstan peasants were getting into trouble for sabotaging the Kremlin's new livestock breeding plan — a desperate attempt to improve the supplies of meat and milk to the overgrown towns of industrial Russia. The plan called for a rapid increase in quantity and quality and put a new emphasis on collective cattle-raising at the expense of the individual two acres and a cow.

Silent Sabotage

This policy has met with consistent opposition. The peasants failed to grow fodder, failed to build yards and stables for the collective animals, continued to slaughter for their own consumption, neglected the collective herds, and, worst of all, more or less systematically annexed the best of the collective animals for their own private use. In April 1950 there began a concerted attack on these abuses, which had grown up all over Russia; and the Kazakhstan Ministers of Agriculture and of State Farms were singled out in *Izvestia* for special castigation.

Just a year later the whole party and government of the Kazakhstan Republic were violently attacked in *Pravda* for their "irresponsible attitude" towards the livestock plan. In spite of the dire warnings of the previous year, they had failed once again to store fodder and build winter shelters, causing a heavy loss of cattle.

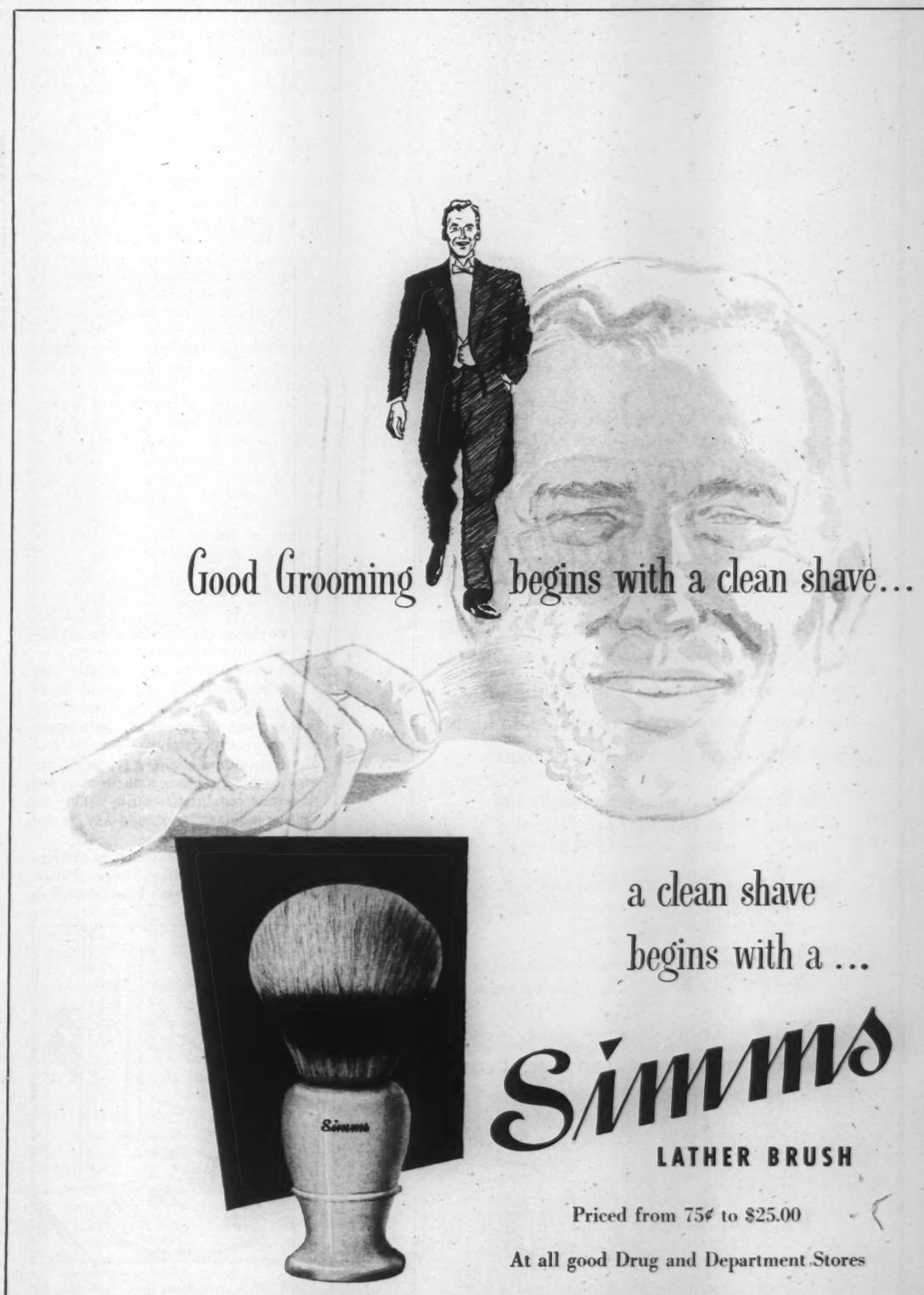
That was in March of this year. In June the Moscow Press reported that strenuous efforts were being made to prevent a recurrence of the two previous winter failures and suggested that all would be well. But a month later the local Kazakhstan Press gave the game away and was already warning of another disaster. In many areas, it said, only ten per cent of the required winter shelters had been provided. In September the Kazakhstan Communist party was heavily attacked by *Pravda* for its failure in the livestock plan.

When *Pravda* attacks officials for failure to carry out the Kremlin's instructions it is always a sign of popular resistance. And we now know as a fact that a peasant revolt had flared up which was plainly the outcome of a convulsive and ruthless effort by the local party officials, assisted by the MVD, to justify themselves to Moscow, save their own skins, and force the central Government's policies on a population which had effectively resisted them for the last two years.

The last straw seems to have been an attempt by the armed forces of the MVD to enforce the new policy of resettlement — moving the peasants from their private holdings into new settlements at the heart of enlarged collectives—and thus depriving them of their cherished individual holdings.

It is not often that we have a direct glimpse, however hazy, through the fog of Soviet propaganda, of the endless trouble between Government and people. It takes desperate men to fight against the MVD, and in the end they are ruthlessly crushed. But the spirit of revolt is ever present. Stalin and his colleagues know it, and must take it always into all their calculations.—*OFNS*

EDWARD CRANKSHAW, *of the London* Observer, *is a leading journalistic expert on the Soviet Union.*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U.S. AFFAIRS

TAFT IS PUSHING IKE TO RUN

SENATOR TAFT is pushing General Eisenhower to run. He may achieve with his current speaking tour what all the Eisenhower-bandwagon people have so far failed to do, and that is persuade Ike that there is "an obvious and over-riding reason" why he should seek the presidency. Ike thought in 1948 there was no such reason. But now Taft is going about denouncing the Truman foreign policy to the loud applause of those Republicans who have fought it tooth and nail from the beginning.

Taft is drawing the biggest cheers from the crowds on his early-bird tour as a candidate for the nomination by his statement: "The Korean War is a Truman war; there would be no war in Korea if not for Truman." He is also saying: "The United Nations has proved an utter failure as a means of preventing aggression; we can never depend on it again."

As Richard Strout points out in the *Christian Science Monitor*, those political leaders who best know Eisenhower's views have emphasized his anxiety lest there should be a return to isolationism in the United States, led by the Mid-Western "nationalist" wing of the Republican Party. They think that a threat that this powerful faction was on the verge of capturing the Republican Party and perhaps seating its candidate in the White House, would be the surest thing to bring Ike into the race.

If 'T'were Done . . . .

Taft may not be an isolationist himself, like Hoover, but the cheers for him from the isolationists may be heard in Versailles. In case they are not, Paul Hoffman, the former head of the Marshall Plan administration and mentioned himself as a dark horse internationalist candidate for the Republican nomination, has let it be known that he plans soon to visit Ike to advise him that if he is willing to be a candidate he should say so by January.

The seasoned Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, Arthur Krock, sees Eisenhower as holding the key to the whole campaign of 1952. His boosters, who have just set up a national Ike-for-President headquarters, know what they want and what they are doing. Senator Taft, who has just declared his candidacy, knows what he wants and what he is doing. But that is all that is clear today, says Krock.

The Eisenhower Republicans still don't know what the General wants. And the same can be said of Mr. Taft. The Truman Democrats are in the dark as to whether the president intends to run again or retire; and the anti-Truman Southern Democrats can't make their plans until they know what Truman intends to do. Krock does not think that Truman will make his irrevocable decision on whether to run himself or what other Democrat to push if he doesn't, until he is pretty sure of the Republican candidate. If Ike eliminated himself, Truman would be hard-pressed by the party to save his home and foreign policies from ruin by running again. On the other hand, if Ike runs, Truman would only be concerned about saving his domestic Fair Deal.

—Shanks in Buffalo Evening Post

HARD FOR IKE to concentrate. But it's also hard for his backers to wait. They have lately opened national H.Q. in Kansas.

The Eisenhower Republicans, forced into earlier action than they had planned by Taft's flying start in rounding up convention delegates, are caucusing to choose a national campaign committee. Their potential support is enormous, if only they can get their man to declare, 1), that he is a Republican and 2), that he will run.

What they would like is to get his written authority, as required by statute, to enter his name by January 15 in the Wisconsin primaries, set for March 18. Otherwise they plan to enter his name in the New Hampshire primaries, which does not require his consent, but puts on him the onus of withdrawing by January 31.

He did so in 1948, in his famous letter to Leonard Finder, a New Hampshire publisher, in which he stipulated there would have to be an "obvious and over-riding reason." Mr. Finder now writes in *Collier's* that he believes this time "Ike will run."

—*W. W.*

—Herblock in Washington Post

"IKE!"—The cartoonists have their fun, but Taft forces have been carrying on a highly professional round-up of delegates.

LONDON LETTER

CHURCHILL WON'T PUSSYFOOT

by P. O'D.

London.

THERE HAS BEEN a great, salutary, and welcome change here. The amazing thing is that so little shift in the vote should have changed so much. The pity is, since a change was due to come, that it could not have been a greater one. The Conservative majority of 27 over the Socialists is about the minimum of what a working majority should be in times when vast problems have to be dealt with and momentous decisions made. Generally such a position leads to a great deal of political pussyfooting. But fortunately the right man is in charge. Never in his long career has Winston Churchill been a pussyfooter.

Two most significant sidelights of the General Election were the practical elimination of the Liberals and the return of the entire group of Bevanites, including the great man himself and his wife Jennie Lee. Some of them were fighting what are called "marginal" seats, where a slight swing would have been enough to unseat them; but they all got home. It seems likely that the battle for the control of the Labor Party will now become hotter than ever, with the hands of the Bevanites strengthened and those of the Old Guard weakened by defeat.

In spite of contesting only those seats where their prospects seemed reasonably good — often with Conservative support—the Liberals had even worse luck than in the 1950 Election. From that stricken field they returned with nine survivors—this time with only five. And among the fallen is that Boadicea of debate, Lady Megan Lloyd-George, whose departure from the House causes general regret.

Why Labor May Not Obstruct

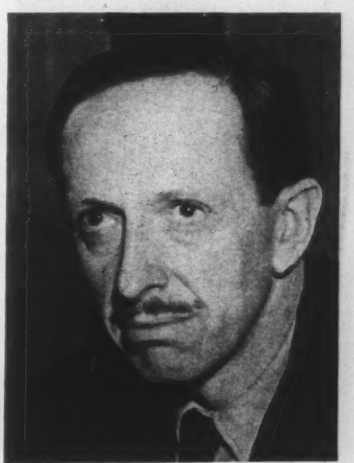
As to the future at Westminster one can only make guesses. Much will depend on the spirit in which the Socialists go back. If they return thirsting for revenge and determined to use the harassing tactics which the Conservatives used against them, there is certain to be a lively time in the Mother of Parliaments, and a lot of Members are going to be hauled out of their beds, sick or otherwise, to save the Government from snap defeats. But there is one important difference. The Conservatives were trying to harry the Socialist Government into calling a General Election. But not even the most belligerent Socialist is likely to want another Election soon.

At the same time, it is rather grimly significant that, when Mr. Eden was making his little speech of thanks to his supporters on the announcement of his election, he warned them to keep the Party machine in the constituency bright and well-oiled, for there was no telling when it might be needed again.

He knows that any government with so small a majority lives more or less under constant threat. But it is not a threat that is likely to become urgent for some considerable time. In the meantime there is no doubt that this new Government will set manfully about its task.

NEW LUDDITES

Sir John Anderson, who is Chairman of the Port of London Authority and was formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer, has said that while making a tour of the Port of Marseilles recently, he saw warehouses beautifully and swiftly stacked by means of fork-lift trucks, but that the use of such labor-saving devices



—Miller

GREAT NAMES return to government in Churchill's cabinet. Above, Marquess of Salisbury, a Cecil, who will be Lord Privy Seal. As Viscount Cranborne, he resigned with Eden, to protest Chamberlain policies.

was impossible in London. Here the dockers refused to work them or insisted that the same number of men should be employed as previously, even though most of them stood about idle.

He mentioned also that a floating grain elevator in the Royal Docks was standing idle for the same reason. This expensive piece of equipment—it cost over £150,000—would greatly increase the speed of turn-around for grain-ships. But the men would have nothing to do with it. They said it would work them out of jobs. And so they demanded rates of pay which would render its use uneconomic.

"It is as if we were back in the days of the Luddites", said Sir John. And that is exactly what it is. The Luddites were gangs of workmen who went about destroying cotton-mill machinery in 1811 and '12 for the self-same reasons. It is significant that they took their name from an idiot boy, Ned Ludd, who started breaking up machinery in a fit of temper. They don't break up the machinery now. They merely refuse to use it. It comes to much the same thing, and it is still idiotic.

"Who wants to work forever? Do you? No, neither did I . . . so, I decided to stop *dreaming* about the future and *plan* it.

"Together with my wife, I planned for the day when we could take it easy. The day when we could go fishing . . . play golf . . . or maybe travel . . . when we could do anything we pleased . . . even just plain loaf. That day comes much sooner than you expect . . . and man, it's wonderful."

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FILMS

JUST RELAX

by Mary Lowrey Ross

THE CURRENT crop of movies turned out to be almost as gently stupefying as one of the new bedroom tape recorders designed to soothe insomniacs . . . Go to sleep . . . arms relaxed . . . eyelids heavy . . . sleep, sleep, sleep. If this keeps up, reviewers will have to equip themselves for the job with thermos flasks of black coffee.

There was, for instance, "Lady From Texas", which is a sort of indoor Western. The Western atmosphere is set by a cowboy hero (Howard Duff), a blonde heroine in a Civil War basque (Mona Freeman), a sheriff, and a villain in whipcord breeks. No riding, however, and no posses, no barroom brawling or pot-shooting from behind boulders. The story has to do with Miss Birdie (Josephine Hull) an amiable but addle-headed Civil War widow whose shambling Colonial estate lies right in the road of the new railway development. The villain (in breeks) is determined, of course, to wrest it away from her, while the honest cowhand, inspired by the blonde orphan, is just as resolute to maintain her in her state of Southern elegance along with her cow, her hens, her three cats and her pet skunk.

Josephine Hull has of course a great talent for addle-headed roles, but even the most valiant character actress can hardly be expected to support comedy for an hour and a half simply by making faces. She gets a certain amount of support from her pet skunk, which she carries about in the folds of her red satin pelisse. Gene Lockhart too adds a few rudimentary laughs by scrubbing himself in an early American bathtub. On the whole, however, "Lady From Texas" seems to have been dreamed up by someone almost as incapable of lucid thought as Miss Birdie herself.

"MR. IMPERIUM" was the picture intended to introduce Ezio Pinza, fresh from his triumph in "South Pacific" to the movie public. It was a very curious choice. Apparently with all the trouble and expense of getting Mr. Pinza signed up and transported to the Coast, nobody had got round to finding a suitable story for him, so they just scraped "Mr. Imperium" from the bottom of the barrel and put him in that.

It is the old Ruritanian theme, with Singer Pinza as a Royal Highness travelling incognito in a Europe where nothing more upsetting happens than an occasional minor palace revolution in the Balkans. He isn't much concerned with the Balkans, however, being all taken up with Lana Turner, a night-club chanteuse who enchants him by coming on in a frilled apron and blue hair-ribbon to sing Western ditties with paralyzing cuteness. They meet, they love, Mr. Pinza sings three songs, and then they part.

Twelve years pass, during which Mr. Pinza grows gray at the temples and Lana Turner merely replaces her

curls with a removable chignon. She is now a famous Hollywood star and Singer Pinza, still a king, is a visitor to the West Coast. For a while it looks as though Lana might sign him up to play a regal role opposite her in her next picture. In the end however he hears the call of state and duty and flies back to Ruritania. A better guess might be that this time he got a look at the script before signing up.

When "Mr. Imperium" was finished, the producers took a look at it and hastily put it on the shelf, substituting "Strictly Dishonorable" as Ezio Pinza's introductory film. If they had been wise they would have put "Mr. Imperium" back on the shelves after the second look, labelled "Opened by Mistake".

"HIS KIND OF WOMAN" starts out as melodrama but the motivations are so obscure and the references so unintelligible that you are likely to give the whole thing up halfway through and drift off on the tide of background music. In addition, both stars, (Robert Mitchum and Jane Russell) go through their roles in what appears to be a state of semi-stupefaction, barely moving their lips to let the cryptic references slide through and hardly opening their eyes at all. Robert Mitchum is a small-time gambler — that much is clear—and Jane Russell a rather dubious singer. They meet in Mexico, where Mitchum gets himself involved with really top-level gangsters, including an expatriated master-criminal who plans to work his way back into the U.S.A. by using not only the Mitchum papers but, as far as possible the Mitchum features.

By this time however, even the director had given up in despair, so he locked Jane up in a cupboard and turned the rescue over to a Hollywood actor (Vincent Price) and a group of comic Mexican cops. Thanks to Vincent Price's outrageous hamming at this point the picture came briefly, if arbitrarily, alive. Apart from this about the only legitimate suspense was provided by Jane Russell's precarious strapless evening gowns.

THEATRE

DRAMA NEWS: Said Brooks Atkinson in *The New York Times* of Londoner HUME CRONYN, "His rapture, his anxiety, his petulance and his bewilderment are all vastly entertaining . . . and his wonder over the diabolical complexity of a woman is uproarious." Cronyn and wife Jessica Tandy brought "The Fourposter" to Broadway after tryouts that included a week last summer at Niagara Falls (Ont.) Summer Theatre.

■ The preliminary adjudicator for the Dominion Drama Festival is 37-year-old PIERRE LEFEVRE of the Old Vic Theatre Company of London. He was touring England when the Second World War broke out; joined his French regiment and later escaped the Nazis disguised as a Pole. He trained as a BBC war correspondent; was accredited to the Canadian Army during Normandy landings. After the war he returned to the London stage.

■ Vancouverite JOHN MILLIGAN is a student at the Old Vic in London, England. Last year he was with The Everyman Theatre; worked with TUTS in the summer and then boarded a freighter for England. An audition with the Bristol branch of Old Vic turned the trick.

■ Another repertory company joins Vancouver's Everyman Theatre and Ottawa's Canadian Repertory Theatre. It's the Totem Theatre in Vancouver. Last year THOR ARNGRIM and STUART BAKER organized Totem Theatre for summer stock; this winter will be playing arena-style.

■ The Canadian Repertory Theatre Ottawa, has a new set designer. It's sort of an exchange. Last year's set designer, PENELOPE GELDART, has gone over to England and from two years of work with the Old Vic in London comes CRT's new designer, MARTHA JAMIESON. Martha didn't start out to be a set designer. She worked in the music library at Queen's University, became interested in the Faculty Players and started designing sets for them. Then she went to New York, to the Art Students' League; did a stint the following summer with the Peterborough Summer Theatre and then went to London and the Old Vic.

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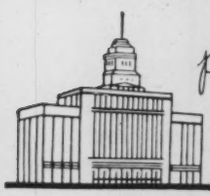

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TWO NEW YORK NIGHTS

SLICK MURDER AND BALLET

by L. L. L. Golden

New York.

MESSRS. LINDSAY AND CROUSE have written a great many successful plays. From "Life with Father" and "Life with Mother", through "State of the Union" they have proved themselves one of the most skillful of teams in the American theatre. "Anything Goes" was theirs and so is what Broadway calls "a smash", the long-running "Call Me Madam."

Their newest, however, though no smash, is full of fun and quite different from anything they have done so far. It is "Remains To Be Seen", a murder-mystery-comedy. It is the tale of a murdered millionaire everybody hates.

It includes in all, one murder, two attempted murders, a suicide, moving walls, cops, a female band singer, a trap drummer and all the tricks of the trade Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse could think up. And for whipped cream one of the lead parts is acted by Lindsay himself; as the quiet, retiring lawyer for the estate of the dead man no one loved.

Despite a slow first act and some contriving that is a little too slick for comfort, the authors work hard, and are highly successful at pulling laughs. The night I saw it the audience had a gay time between the tension which comes with a whodunit and the laughs of a comedy.

Jackie Cooper, he of the old Hal Roach "Our Gang" comedies and "Skippy" and who was seen on tour in several Canadian cities with "Mister Roberts" as Ensign Pulver, has the part of the naïve, adolescent manager of the apartment house where the murder took place. From Hollywood a red-headed, brassy, bosomy extrovert, Janis Paige, has the lead part of Judy Revere, the vocalist in a hot, small-gauged, but loud touring dance band.

Mix all these elements together, add the smooth production that always comes from anything handled by Leland Hayward, plus excellent casting of small character parts and the result is a neat piece of business.

"Remains To Be Seen" is by no means the best, or near the best, theatregoers have seen or have a right to expect from the Lindsay-Crouse heavy clouters in the Broadway big league. But if you are in New York, can get tickets and are weary after a day of shopping, by all means see it.

Canadians in Ballet

The Ballet Theatre has just completed its only appearance in New York this season. It was a successful one, with the huge Metropolitan Opera House packing them in every night. Ballet Theatre, one of the top American companies, as always, is a pleasure to watch. They have so many excellent dancers, do classical and modern ballets so well and provide so many new ballets which are worth seeing.

Few ballet companies have the equal of Alicia Alonso. None has a better pair of male dancers than rugged premier danseur Igor Youskevitch and talented John Kriza. And in Mary Ellen Moylan, who is well known in Quebec, Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver for her fine dancing with Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, is a most worthy addition to Ballet Theatre. She rightfully is getting billing second only to the brilliant ballerina, Miss Alonso.

The tour includes these dates: February 4-9, Toronto; February 11, Ottawa; February 12-16, Montreal.

There will also be a homecoming in Montreal for one of the male members of the Corps de Ballet. Fernand Nault, the 27-year-old Montreal-born-and-schooled dancer has been with Radio City Music Hall's ballet for five years, as a solo dancer, and is doing his fourth season with Ballet Theatre.

Another Canadian member is Dorothy Scott. This tiny, red-haired, Edinburgh-born dancer came to Vancouver when she was four years old. For thirteen years she lived in the west coast city.

—Slim Aarons, NY

"REMAINS TO BE SEEN": newest Lindsay-Crouse play stars Jackie Cooper and Janis Paige. It is not one of the playwrights' best but has some good laughs.

NATO NEEDS A PARLIAMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

ministers and their parliaments.

Here in Canada this is not a great problem, perhaps, for the present. If Claxton and Abbott can agree, and if they have the courage of their convictions, they know they can get our House of Commons, with its top-heavy majority, to accept whatever the Cabinet recommends. It is not so in Paris, nor yet in Washington. For the French and the American ministers—and the same is true of other countries—the major question is always what they will be able to get the Congress or the National Assembly to accept.

Dilemma in NATO

So here is the dilemma. The logic of the North Atlantic alliance—certainly the dream of turning it into a North Atlantic Community — demands that national policies be subordinated to international decisions. It demands, in the words of Paul van Zeeland, Belgian Foreign Minister, "a discipline freely accepted". But the whole system of free, democratic Government, which we are trying to defend, demands that national policies shall not be decided by the executive power of Governments: they must be decided by the debates of elected assemblies.

The shadow of this dilemma has hung over all our attempts at international cooperation. Now the shadow is materializing. We are getting near the point where the dilemma must be faced.

In Europe they have already come much nearer to facing it than we have. Hervé Alphand, Jean Monnet and all the other European officials planning the European Army came right up against it. Their proposals for a European Army and a European Court, which we are apt to call visionary, are in fact attempts to supply a practical answer to this very problem.

The European Army is not just a good idea. It is an attempt to resolve a situation which would otherwise be intolerable: an attempt to get German troops for Western defence without recreating the still alarming monster of German militarism. Because no other tolerable answer seems possible, the European proponents of the scheme want to establish an unprecedented degree of international authority. A single commissioner, or a group of commissioners (it doesn't matter which), would have complete control of the European Army.

Commissioners' Powers

He could not answer to all the parliaments of all the participating countries. Yet those Parliaments must vote his money. They must, that is, give the international commissioner powers which they would never dream of giving to their own Governments. They must vote money without the right to supervise its spending.

This is why Alphand and his colleagues came up with the idea of a European Assembly. It would safeguard the democratic right to supervise the way public money is spent, and it would enable national parliaments to vote the required amounts, knowing that the representatives of the people (probably through delegations from their own Chamber) would oversee its spending.

If the European Assembly sounds visionary, how else can you reconcile the necessary central authority with the Parliaments' right and duty to supervise expenditure?

Once you move outside Europe the overwhelming power of the United States dominates everything. But it's the same dilemma. The U.S. problem is a microcosm of the international problem. It is how to harness American power to the needs of an *international* defence plan when its legislative body is still thinking in mainly *nationalist* terms. Governments are driven by events to some degree of internationalism of outlook: they feel the direct pressure of other Governments. But legislatures everywhere are generally limited by the narrow and immediate preoccupations of their voters.

Acheson and Lovett and General Eisenhower must know very well that it would be far more useful to give $3,500 million to Western Europe than to add a few more groups to the U.S. Air Force. If there were any international authority empowered to give a verdict, this is the verdict it would give. But the Congress is su-

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preme. And the Congress—educated, perhaps, by fantasies such as "Superman"—is more interested in having a gigantic U.S. Air Force.

Mere talk about an "Atlantic Community" will not solve this glaring contradiction between the needs of the alliance as Governments must come to see them, and the narrower viewpoint of national legislatures which still have the power of decision. We need an international authority to pool the common effort. We also need to maintain our own regimes of democracy, which means accepting the supremacy of our elected representatives.

Europe is toying with one idea for reconciling the two—the European Assembly. We haven't yet begun to face the dilemma. And until we do most of the talk about "Atlantic Community" is mere chatter.

THE NIGHT TRAIN TO SEOUL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

into Seoul right on time.

Seoul lies in the sombre middle-ground between front and rear, a part of each but belonging to neither. But the tortured face Seoul shows to the world bespeaks nothing but war. Ruins lie as they lay six months ago; no reconstruction work is being done, no tidying up. A very cheerless prospect.

I drove a young official, a native of Seoul who had just returned from Pusan, through the streets looking for a building he wished to show me. We spent half an hour looking for the right turn-off; all the familiar landmarks were gone. My friend should have known the way well enough, for the building we were seeking was his old school.

Puzzle of the Trams

Although no rebuilding is being done in Seoul, water and power have been partially restored by the army, and, as a result, an occasional tramcar trundles though half-empty streets. There is a strangeness about these trams that puzzles you until you realize that never before in Asia have you seen a streetcar that was not bulging with people. These, with only a few persons aboard, look forlorn and purposeless, out of place among the military traffic that rumbles endlessly through the tired city.

The Korean people seem to lack purpose, too, these days. Tiredness and a degree of hopelessness have weakened the high resolution of a year ago, and this has been further corroded by bitterness. My young Government friend, a true patriot, summed it up this way:

"What else do you expect from us, you who now are so free with your easy criticism? When the World War ended you came in and set about wiping out all vestiges of Japanese influence. Then you gave us a constitution we didn't understand and were not ready for, and sat back ready to criticize our first mistake. Now you want us to work hand-in-glove with the Japanese again on the one hand and on the other you are trying to reach a settlement of the war that will leave our country hopelessly divided. Shouldn't we be bitter?"

All Roads to the Front

From Seoul all roads really do lead to the front. At its closest point it is only two hours' drive from the city. You drive along a road that already has seen advance and retreat half a dozen times, past signs warning that native liquor kills, and the wonderful signs that bear the code names of units, like Nameless Blue and Danger Forward. Up here everything seems much simpler, but simple only in that every issue is a basic one; a considerable number of men are killed every day and many more are wounded, some shockingly. The business of staying alive—or rather, the wish to live—preoccupies the soldier's mind.

Yet even here the pervading unease that has settled down on Korea like a damp clinging fog insinuates itself. Like a fog, it is a hard thing to define in shape and substance.

Purpose is not lacking—heroic achievement illuminates every action that is fought. But still no one seems quite sure what he is doing in Korea. There is no goal in sight, at least none that can give satisfaction of a job well done. In this the front is not so very different from the rear. —*OFNS*

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A CANADIAN GOVERNOR GENERAL?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

widely known, without having hosts of acquaintances accustomed to calling him and his wife by their first names. The vice-regal couple, if Canadian, will still be styled "Their Excellencies" but will no longer have any other title.

Curtsy to Mrs. Jones?

Some ladies who gladly curtsy to another who can be called Princess or Countess may object to bending the knee to one known only as Mrs. Jones. If they do, they must choose between avoiding the vice-regal presence or making themselves conspicuous, as the wife of a foreign ambassador once did, omitting the customary formal greeting.

A popular Canadian at Rideau Hall will also have his own problems. He will have to decide on how far to go in extending official entertainment to his own friends. Succeeding British-born Governors General fall heir to two sets of people to whom they extend hospitality: (1) those who rate because of their official positions, cabinet ministers, top civil servants, diplomats and (2) those who rate by reason of social position and family. A Canadian will also have his own friends and former associates who replace the society group.

In moving to break the long line of pilgrimages direct from Buckingham Palace to Rideau Hall the present Government will be tardily catching up with other overseas dominions, such as South Africa and Australia.

In Australia

Australia, which has never shown any particular disposition to cut itself off from the Commonwealth and no tendency to republicanism, has had two native-born Governors General. Their selection occasioned the same sort of controversy that will probably be aired in Canada. The first appointee was a judge, Sir Isaac Isaacs, who had no particular trouble. Then for one term Australia reverted to the overseas type but only in favor of a royal Prince, the Duke of Gloucester, the King's brother.

The present Australian Governor General, William James McKell, came right out of party politics, having been premier of New South Wales and an active Labor party leader. His selection was attacked on the ground of partisanship. At least one member of the present Australian cabinet refused invitations to Government House. Mr. McKell's impartiality, however, appears to have been proven by the fact that he is now under fire from his own Labor party for accepting Prime Minister Robert Menzie's advice on the dissolution of both houses of parliament. His former political colleagues are saying he sold out for an all-expense trip to England.

One of the less known things about the office of Governor General of Canada is that it is one of the world's highest paid posts. Just how much real take-home pay a Governor General can count on after meeting the expenses of official entertaining is a matter for speculation; he starts out with a salary of $48,666, a free house and a travelling allowance of $50,000. The big thing about his salary is that it is tax-free. At present Canadian tax rates a private citizen getting the same salary pays back about half of it in income taxes. It is the equivalent of a taxed salary of somewhere between $75,000 and $100,000.

Rideau Hall is maintained by the Department of Public Works fully furnished and heated. The Federal District Commission keeps the grounds in shape. The Governor General's secretary is paid $10,000 a year in public funds and the staff of his office is on the public payroll. The Governor General, out of his own funds, pays his personal and household servants, a pretty sizeable payroll, and buys the food and drink consumed by his family, his servants and his numerous guests.

Financial Sore Spot

This financial angle is one of the considerations which has been impelling the Government to break the custom of importing a Governor General from Britain. The salary and expenses stick out before Members of Parliament in the public accounts. The Governor General's personal expenditures do not. Members ask, not too often in public but frequently in private, why such largesse should always be showered on a non-Canadian.

A more important factor, however, is the increasing difficulty of securing an acceptable Governor General in Britain. Something more than a title is required, intelligence, an understanding of the constitution, amiability, a great reputation are also essential. Viscount Alexander has all these. He was one of a number of British generals who won great reputations during the war; but wars are not always being fought and all great soldiers are not suitable Governors General.

Impartiality

When it comes to picking a Canadian, the Government appears set on heading straight into the objection that a man who has been active in partisan politics can't be presumed to be impartial. Some think a non-political figure should be chosen. One difficulty with that is few men outside of politics get to be national or near-national figures. A successful business man, otherwise suitable, may be widely known in his own province but little known across the country.

In reality, a Governor General has not much opportunity to show impartiality. His acts of state are nearly all on the advice of his ministers which he may not reject. The celebrated Byng incident of 1926, for practical purposes, put an end to the once-presumed right of a Governor General to refuse to dissolve Parliament when advised so to do. His personal acts are largely governed by convention. He might snub someone out of political bias if he chose, but it would hurt no one but the person snubbed and probably react in favor of the political group to which that person belonged.

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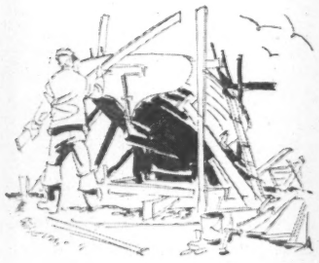
Michael Harrington, *the author, is a Newfoundlander born and bred, whose published volumes of poetry, "Newfoundland Tapestry" and "The Sea is Our Doorway", were described by E. J. Pratt, poet and critic, as "breathing the genuine sea-air of Canada's newest province".*

Lukey's Boat

"O, Lukey's boat is painted green,
Aha, me b'ys,
O, Lukey's boat is painted green,
The prettiest little boat ever you seen.
Aha me riddle I day . . . "

Everyone in Cold Harbour knew Lukey Bryan's boat. Not that it was painted green when most boats in Cold Harbour were white or black or shadings from one to the other; but because it was painted such a bright green. There was no grass, no tree near Cold Harbour as green as Lukey's boat; nor in Newfoundland neither said Tom Joseph Stone, who'd been around.



It didn't matter, Lukey Bryan was proud of his boat, and why not? He had built her himself. From keel to quarter-board, from thwart to thole-pin, she was his handiwork. He had built her in the winter out of wood he had cut a year before on the back of Rainy Pond, hauling it out by horse and catamaran to Sam Raymond's sawmill. Yes, Lukey Bryan was proud of his big, green skiff; more than that — he loved her. Old-timers thought he was too fond of his boat; they said he'd rather die than let anything happen to her.

Lukey was an odd sort. He had fished with his father for years—from the day he was 12 years old till the day he was 21. Then he just quit; said he was going on his own; told his young brothers to go fish with their father. Lukey hadn't much money but he was a determined fellow—almost stubborn. So he built his boat, with his own hands in his own time and in his own way. He went in to St. John's and bought the best engine he could get, brought it home with him on the coastal steamer and installed it himself. He was proud of his boat; from engine-house to fore-cuddy she was his masterpiece.

"O, Lukey's boat got a fine fore-cutty,
Aha, me b'ys,
O, Lukey's boat got a fine fore-cutty,
And every seam is chinked with putty.
Aha me riddle I day . . ."

Fishing can be a very dirty business, with 'gurry' and 'slub' on the planking, and dried offal on the gunwales, but Lukey Bryan kept his trap skiff so clean and wholesome that when the 'townies' came up from St. John's in the summer, Lukey's boat was always in demand for Sunday excursions to the Round Hill Islands. But every other day Lukey was alone. He fished 'cross-handed' as the Newfoundlanders say. It had its advantages—a man could change his ground at will—and its disadvantages; when there was a good 'run o' fish', a mate could help a lot. But that was Lukey's way and it was just as well.

Perhaps some of you may remember the big gale of August, just before the war, when a northeaster came out of nowhere in spite of the forecasts which do not always tell the right story on the coasts of an island stuck out like a sore thumb in the North Altantic. Most of the Cold Harbour men were out on the grounds from before daylight. A lot of them came in about noon, well-fished, but Lukey Bryan with no one to help him stayed on. It's an extraordinary thing the way the northeaster comes in midsummer. It can be a beautiful day, shimmering with heat, and a gentle westerly fading to a molten stillness. Vast cumulus clouds tower like mountains in the fairy blue, and the earth seems ready to go asleep.

Then suddenly—as though a blind was hauled down in a sunlit room—a darkness falls on the land and the sea. The sky turns to lead, the sea to slate, the wind comes off the water with an edge to it, and a shrillness that makes one shudder. The foam flakes blow. The rest of the Cold Harbour boats got in before the gale rose, but Lukey Bryan was far out on the Red Ledge, and he had a 'hard punch' to get in. He made it though to the harbour mouth, where now the sea was in a tumult between the cliffs and the 'sunkers'. He might have driven his skiff into the Black Gulch and got ashore, but his boat would have been demolished.

So he set her straight for the roaring channel, where already the bottom was going dry in the curl of the heavy seas, and he drove her. On came the big green boat, startling green in the waste of white foam and gray sky. Her undersides were painted red, and her bows came out of the smother like a red mouth, gasping for air. The watchers could see Lukey Bryan in his yellow oilskins in the well abaft the engine-house holding the bucking tiller and squinting through the mist of spray above the rocks. And suddenly the boat was in the tidal race and a great sea went over her and she was lost to view for a long, unbearable moment.

But she reappeared, shooting out of the welter like a bright, green arrow, into the comparatively smooth, lagoon-like harbour. But Lukey Bryan was gone, for her decks were swept as clean as ever Lukey had swabbed them when his catch had been thrown upon the stagehead. They never found him either, and they towed his fine, green boat to the 'collar' near the Bryans' stagehead, and there she lies to this day; because they say no boat is worth a man's life, not when he gives his life in that fashion.

"O, Lukey's boat is painted green,
Aha, me b'ys . . ."

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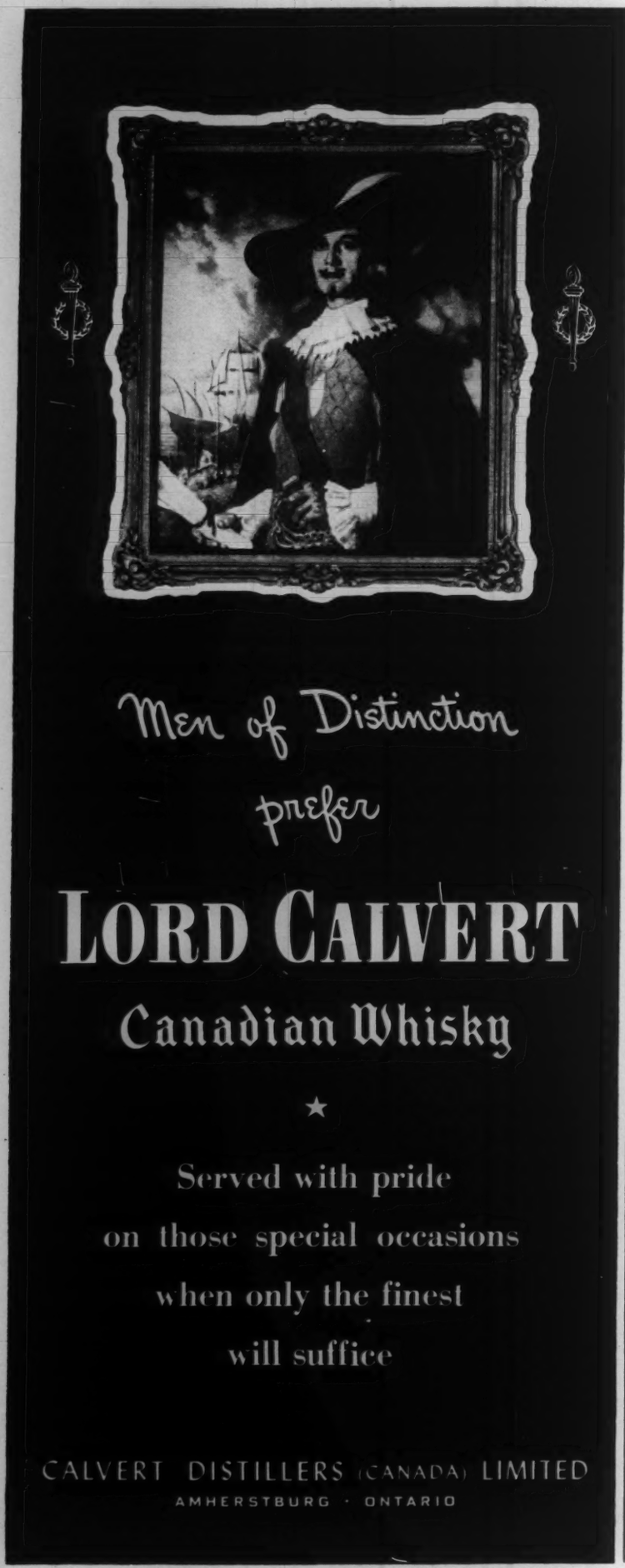

MASTERSON AND VARSITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

relative importance. He loves to experiment, with the result that when a team is slumping, a player is likely to find himself playing guard, end and halfback on successive Saturdays.

Some of his successful positional changes have shown either astounding foresight or unbelievable, blind luck. Masterson favors the former evaluation.

How many knew that the Toronto Argonaut halfback who kicked two field goals and a convert in the 1950 Grey Cup final against Winnipeg played end until his final season in college football? Nick Volpe starred at safety for Varsity in 1948, then joined the Argonauts to become one of the greatest place-kicking exponents in the game.

John Shore, Argonaut centre, couldn't make the Varsity senior team as a halfback and was a mediocre ball-carrier during two games with the Seconds. But an injury to centre Archie Jones sent Masterson on the prowl. Result: Shore grudgingly agreed that centre with the Blues was better than halfback with the Seconds. When the season was over, the Blues had won the championship, Shore was the league's best centre.

A Long Chance

There have been other instances, the most recent a gamble which moved Alex Lawson, a 6'6" string-bean end, to quarterback. For three weeks, Lawson, whose greatest forte besides his size is a startling amount of self-confidence, looked like the worst T-formation quarterback who ever overshot a pass-receiver. A triple-threat man in reverse, he couldn't pass, kick or run.

But Masterson patiently persevered with his awkward prodigy; the net result has given Varsity its best quarterbacking in three years.

Masterson is a man of many moods. His life is a study in disorder during the football season, when his utter concentration on the game allows little or no time for everyday responsibilities. He chain-smokes through every game, usually with somebody else's cigarettes. The Athletic Office is seldom able to find him, never knows where he is except during practice hours. Unanswered mail and hundreds of hurriedly-scrawled memos, notations and statistic slips are sprawled with books and magazines over the desk in his cubby-hole Hart House office.

Masterson works hard for the respect of his players and in all but isolated cases, he gets it. During a train ride to Kingston he told a hilarious yarn about a brawl which occurred during a Redskin-Brooklyn Dodger game, then soberly suggested that the printing of it might be a bad influence on his players. "They might figure that if I did it, then why shouldn't they?"

Although halftime happenings in the Varsity dressing room can only be reported second hand, it is known that Masterson can be one of the most cutting halftime speechmakers in college football. Coach Masterson's players dread reaching the rest period on the short end of the score.

A notable reversal of the Masterson halftime technique, however, occurred in Montreal in this season's opener against McGill. The underdog Blues were trailing, 7-0, and headed for the locker-room in dour anticipation. Instead, they were greeted with backslaps, words of praise and assurance that if they continued to play as they had in the first half there was nothing to worry about. Final score: Varsity 15, McGill 7.

Masterson is a poor loser and he knows and admits it. He dwells on defeat, seeks out reasonable excuses and can be completely unreasonable with differing opinions. During a bad season, his Port Credit home-life, which he shares with an adoring wife and three lively children, must suffer severe strain.

The collapse of the Blues during the two seasons following his initial success shocked him deeply. But the sudden lean years taught him the great abyss which lies between American and Canadian college football players. He learned slowly, but well.

For one season, 1949, Masterson forgot that he was handling unpaid students, who donned football togs purely for the love and glory of the game. Under a biting whip-lash, they stopped having fun. They were probably the best Inter-collegiate football team that ever finished last!

Masterson's mental metamorphosis, which began last season, has blossomed into full bloom with this year's Varsity Blues, as eager and starry-eyed a college crew as can be found.

Masterson may well displace Western's volatile Johnny Metras as the dean of Canadian college coaches. An active public relations department is suddenly fighting tooth and nail for the interest of high school footballers, a phase of modern college football which the old regime dutifully disdained. This change is giving Masterson more and better material. In the face of success with this season's adolescent club, what's going to happen when the kids mature? It could be a rough era for Varsity's opponents.

—Canada Wide

JOHNNIE EVANS: Varsity Team Captain.

SPORTS

NO APPEAL TO CANADIANS

by Kim McIlroy

ASSOCIATION football, or soccer, is certainly the most universal of all team sports. It is played, under pretty much identical rules, from Abyssinia to Zanzibar. The Britons, who, since they more or less originated the game, have always liked to feel that they had a lien on top ranking, lost the world title last year to some such unlikely entrant as Uruguay. It is even among the amusements permitted the comrades by the wise and fatherly Stalin.

Basketball, too, having been originated in the U.S. by a local boy, has travelled far beyond the confines of North America and is played just about everywhere. A unique form of the pastime, with all players of both teams on the same payroll, is presented from time to time in New York's Madison Square Garden.

Soccer and basketball, then, are two sports which should have a wide and enthusiastic appeal to such a sports-minded country as Canada. But they don't.

Last summer, and the summer before, top-notch soccer clubs not only from Great Britain but from Ireland and Sweden and God knows where toured the land from Halifax to Vancouver, and everywhere they went, when they were matched against home-town aggregations of no startling skill and agility, vast throngs turned out to see them.

By the same token, a recent tour by the Harlem Globe-Trotters of worldwide basketball fame drew house-filling crowds in Canadian cities large and small. Not only were the clowning 'Trotters cheered and applauded, but the work of the other pro clubs making up the troupe, clubs composed simply of very good basketball players, also got a hand.

Wrong Impression

The casual visitor to this country, dropping in to watch Newcastle United versus the Quebec All-Stars, or to see the Globe-Trotters in, say, Windsor, Ont., would depart with the impression that Canada was a hotbed of basketball and soccer interest. He couldn't be much more wrong, and having been so informed he'd want to know why.

It's doubtful if anyone could tell him. The British, while they like soccer, seem to like rugby equally well. We like our rugby and can't see soccer at all.

A few years ago the ubiquitous Lew Hayman decided that Toronto would go for a professional basketball team: He produced the team and Torontonians went in droves . . . straight home. The basketball was good and, since the players were money-hungry professionals and not simple college lads, honest. Yet the games attracted the same crowds that a good dog fight might attract.

Soccer and basketball are both played in a majority of Canadian universities, before a crowd of relatives, close friends, and innocent folk who wandered into the place by mistake. All the people who'd pay cash to witness an east-west soccer final could get into an elevator together. Yet look at the annual Grey Cup stampede.

The trouble may be simply bad publicity; that is, virtually no publicity at all. Soccer isn't popular in the States either, but basketball certainly is, to the point of madness. In general, Canadians like the sports their U.S. cousins like, but not basketball.

More Publicity?

If the people behind the two sports began to make an effort to get some publicity, they might be startled at the results. Publicity breeds publicity; the more people who witness a sport, the more who want to witness it. Very few of the thousands who see the Grey Cup game could tell a pigskin from a pig, yet attendance at the spectacle makes their lives complete. Propaganda is the thing.

The simple and regrettable fact is that the only basketball team in Canadian history that the average Canadian has heard of was composed entirely of women.

■ Most Canadians who turned on their television sets to see tired old ex-champion Joe Louis knocked into a cocked hat by Rocky Marciano agreed that Louis should never have been allowed to enter the ring. But the unkindest cut of all was the showing of pictures, immediately following the fight, of the 1938 Louis-Schmeling fight, when the "Brown Bomber" knocked the stuffing out of Schmeling. It is painful at any time to see the downfall of a popular idol, but to contrast it with a picture of the idol in his prime is adding insult to injury.

—Canada Wide

HARLEM Globe-Trotters got an enthusiastic reception when they played in Toronto.

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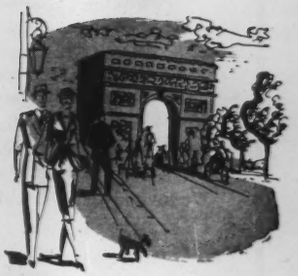

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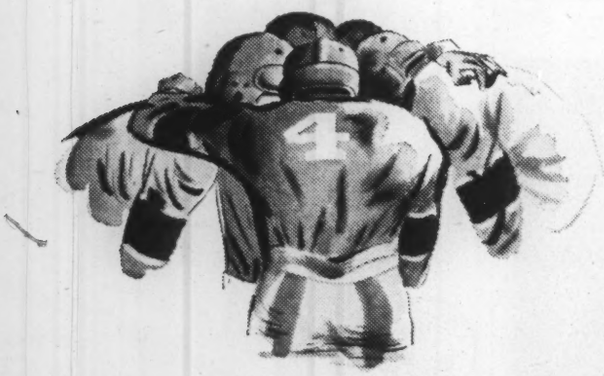

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SCIENCE

SALMON SLUMP

by Gerald Waring

WHEN thousands of tons of rock slid into the Babine River in central British Columbia last summer, it choked off one of the province's main salmon producers.

Whether the damage will be permanent or not won't be known until Government engineers complete their surveys and report on the possibility of remedial action.

The slide occurred in late June or early July, when more than 200,000 cubic yards of rock forming a canyon wall 200 to 300 feet high plunged into the gorge. This talus now presents an almost insurmountable barrier to salmon swimming up the Babine to spawn.

The Skeena River system, of which the Babine is a part, produces up to 40 per cent of the entire BC sockeye salmon pack. The Skeena pack might be worth as much as $3 million in a good year—and two-thirds of it comes from the Babine.

First Clue

First clue to the tragedy came early in August, when Indians reported they were catching badly mutilated and unspawned fish. Then Federal fisheries officers noticed the number of fish entering Babine Lake, on their way to the spawning streams, was abnormally small.

An aerial reconnaissance by fisheries officials revealed the rock slide. Then inspectors V. H. B. Giraud and W. K. Elliot led a ground party, including a biologist and an engineer, on a three-day horseback trek from Hazelton through 40 miles of wilderness to the canyon.

They found the slide had created a lake 1½ miles long, out of which water poured through a narrow gut with tremendous force. Huge boulders in the river bed formed two waterfalls, each five or six feet high.

Delayed Effects

The effects of the slide on the salmon fishery will begin to show up in 1955, when the salmon runs would normally include the fish which would have hatched from the eggs which should have been spawned on the upper Babine this year.

However, the Fisheries Department is spending $90,000 on preliminary work to reopen the river this fall and winter—surveys at the slide, the rental of helicopters for transportation, the construction of 40 miles of winter road, and the transportation of machinery to the site.

The engineers expect to have to use heavy "draglines" to remove the barricading rocks. Likelihood is that they'll concentrate on rock removal along one bank of the river, to reduce the turbulence so fish can get by. But if they can't finish that job before the main salmon runs next year, they may rig a temporary mechanical lift or fishway. For the immediate task is to save the 1952 runs from the disaster which overtook the 1951 salmon.

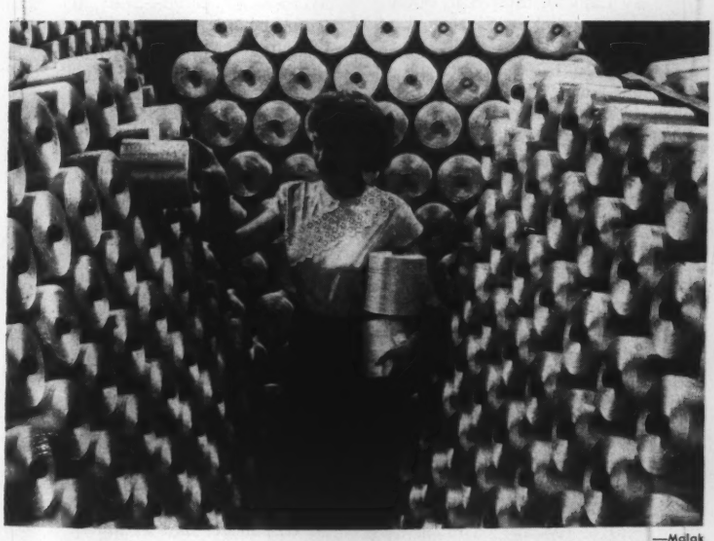
BUSINESS: THE "BIG DITCH"

Cornwall—Industrial Giant Through Seaway?

by Hal Tracey

—Malak

PULP is beaten to reduce fibres to right length at Howard Smith Paper Mill.



—Malak

CONES of rayon yarn stacked row on row at Courtaulds' big Cornwall plant.

LAP in storage at Canadian Cottons completes big three's industrial pattern.

—Cornwall Standard-Freeholder

TALK to any Cornwall businessman for 15 minutes, and you're certain to hear about the St. Lawrence Seaway. Talk of the project hangs heavy as smog in this city, which probably has a bigger stake in the development of the Seaway than any other city in Canada.

It isn't hard to foresee what will happen to Cornwall and the surrounding area if the Seaway goes through. Smack in the middle of a gigantic power development, with the world's shipping going past its doorstep, it can't help but undergo a mushroom industrial expansion, sparked by cheap power and plenty of it, and cheap transportation.

Cornwall knows from experience that the river beside it means more than scenic beauty and a pleasant recreation spot. It was power and transportation that led to Cornwall's early industry. Water power from the Cornwall canal turned the wheels of grist mills and sawmills. It furnished power for a woollen mill, which became the basis for the textile manufacturing that means so much to Cornwall today.

This same canal cut travelling time from Montreal to Kingston from five days via the older Rideau Canal to a few hours through the Cornwall waterway, opened in 1842.

Recognizing the fact that the Seaway adds up to expansion, the joint city-township planning board under Dr. J. A. Phillips, a former Cornwall mayor, is planning for a city of 150,000. But Dr. Phillips is the first to admit that if the seaway were to begin soon, Cornwall could not begin to house and provide services for the thousands of workers who would flock to the area as soon as construction started.

No Overall Planning

In fact, the whole area from Cornwall on up the St. Lawrence is sadly unprepared for immediate development of the project. There is no regional planning board for the whole area, and it is hard for individual communities to get concrete information about the Seaway. The Cornwall planning board hopes to get this condition remedied by petitioning the proper authorities to set up a regional board, with technical advisers. (In Cornwall itself there is a resident engineer, A. H. Parker, superintending engineer of the Ontario-St. Lawrence Canal System. He is directly responsible to the Department of Transport.)

Expansion of Cornwall would be towards the north and east, since relocation of the canal as an all-Canadian project would effectively cut off western expansion. Transport Minister Lionel Chevrier, Cornwall's MP, says that if the project is all-Canadian, Cornwall's expansion plans won't be affected in the least. The canal will still go west of the city, as in plans for the international development, affecting only the southwest corner of land belonging to Howard Smith Paper Mills. Since the company owns land to the north of its present location on the western outskirts of the city, its expansion plans won't be affected, either.

There is no doubt that up to now, the ever-present Seaway talk has hurt Cornwall industrially. Real-estate prices in the vicinity have rocketed, putting the price of potential industrial sites beyond the limit of many a manufacturer contemplating a factory in Cornwall. Indecision about the Seaway, and about the location of a new main highway that will pass near Cornwall, must have made many a manufacturer pause when considering Cornwall for a factory site. (Route of the highway can't be determined until a decision is made about the Seaway, say authorities.)

At least one industry already established near Cornwall, the Provincial Paper Company at Milles Roches, is pulling up stakes and moving to another city. Its mill location will be flooded out when the Seaway goes through.

Some Industrial Growth

On the other hand, Cornwall has managed to attract some new industries (among the newest—Hy-Trous Company, makers of fertilizers, and Kemball Bishop and Company, Limited, offshoot of a parent English company that produces citric and tartaric acids). The city's big established industries also are undergoing capital expansion programs.*

With today's trend towards location of large-scale industrial developments outside cities—in many cases some miles away—the whole area surrounding Cornwall stands to benefit from the Seaway. Almost any location in the area where docks can be built and hydro lines strung, and where there is plenty of room to expand, is a potential industrial site. Morrisburg, Prescott, Brockville and Kingston will probably all feel the impetus given industry by the Seaway.

Development of the Seaway won't mean as much to established industries as it will to merchants and small businesses supplying services. It will mean ample power. Cornwall industries now draw their power for the most part from the St. Lawrence Power

*Courtaulds' postwar expansion, involving a capital expenditure exceeding $17 million, has more than tripled output. Company is major shareholder in new cellulose plant. Howard Smith Paper Mills is undergoing $7,500,000 expansion to up pulp output by 30 per cent, paper output by 60 per cent. Canadian Cottons carried out modernization program last year, recently took over Glengarry Cottons.

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Cornwall's industries might also be adversely affected if the Seaway development brings disruption of the city's labor force and wage scales. There is as well the possibility that the city will have a tremendous boom when workers on the Seaway flock into the area, but that business and service facilities will be over-expanded.

One thing the Seaway will likely hasten is amalgamation of the township and city. They are about equal in population (approximately 17,000 each). The township completely rings the city.

Largest industries (Courtaulds', Canadian Cottons and Howard Smith Paper Mills) are all in the townships, which is one of the reasons amalgamation has not yet taken place. The city at present provides water and fire protection for the township—at a price.

In boosting the Seaway, Cornwall has the enthusiastic support of the people of Massena, NY, just across the river spanned by the Roosevelt International Bridge. Cornwall's mayor, Aaron Horovitz, is President of the Cornwall International Bridge Company Limited, formed to operate the connecting link with New York State.

Massena also has a stake in the development, since it gets much of its power from Canada, but apart from that aspect, there is a genuine feeling that the power development involved would benefit the whole area, on both sides of the border. Massena people would like to see a joint seaway, or a New York-Ontario deal, at least, but if agreement can't be reached on either, they would be content to see Canada go it alone.

Transport Minister Chevrier, Cornwall native-son, has no doubt about the future for his city. "It will be to Montreal what Hamilton is to Toronto," he has said, " with a population of 100,000."

If he had broadened his remarks to take in the whole area, he probably would have compared its future development with Ontario's heavily industrialized Niagara power development area. With its added advantage of cheap transportation the Seaway environs may eventually overshadow even the Niagara area. Manufacturers will be able to ship to either of Canada's two largest cities, Montreal or Toronto, or both. Or they will be able to ship to overseas markets direct from their factories.

—André Studio, Cornwall

MAYOR AARON HOROVITZ runs clothing factory and bridge maintenance company.

Montreal Tie-In

The tie-in with Montreal mentioned by Chevrier is a natural one, founded on Cornwall's history, when Montreal was eager for the construction of the Cornwall Canal. If it had come about in time, Montreal might have outdistanced New York in its pre-railway development.

But British bankers of the period lent funds to New York interests to build canals connecting New York with the Great Lakes, and thus to the interior of the continent, while Montreal still had to portage her trade with the inland centres around the rapids at Cornwall.

Another tie-in with Montreal is the increase in the French-Canadian element of the population, a far cry from the days when Cornwall was the pocket borough of John Sandfield Macdonald, first Premier of Ontario after Confederation. In those days, Macdonald could—and did—jump from one side of the political fence to the other, carrying the whole clan—there were 3,200 Macdonalds in his riding—with him.

It was in the Scottish Highlands town of Cornwall that the Family Compact is supposed to have been born. Sons of the Compact families were educated at Rev. John Strachan's school. He later moved his school to Toronto, and became that city's first Bishop.

Present Development

Cornwall's dreams now, however, are not of past glory but of future development. There is ample evidence that Cornwall is not standing idly by waiting for the Seaway. There is a plan to take over Cornwall Island for an airport. (Air travellers from Cornwall now use the Massena airport.) The city plans a new filtration plant, to cost more than $1 million. A new $1 million federal building to house postal facilities, customs and immigration is soon to be built.

New city offices were opened in 1950, and the magistrate's court and police department have been renovated. A new home for the aged, to service the three counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry, of which Cornwall is the county seat, was recently completed.

But Alderman Mary Mack, Chairman of Cornwall's industrial development board, and J. J. Sones, President of the Cornwall Board of Trade, and other Cornwall boosters are using the Seaway as a talking point, and it only takes a second look to see the dreams of glory in the eyes of many a Cornwall businessman when he thinks of what the Seaway might mean to his city.

—Jack Long

SOILMAN Paul Cook, left: A close look before concrete is poured saves dollars.

PROFILE

MILLION DOLLAR SANDMAN

by Frances Lockhart

BECAUSE grains of sand, silt and clay form the foundations on which skyscrapers, power development dams, billion dollar bridges and industrial plants will be built, Paul Cook, P.Eng., of Vancouver, an ambitious, youthful consulting engineer, has built himself a unique and lucrative career.

Not many years ago, when deep-sea piers settled into the silt, or large buildings began to sag, contractors called it bad luck and did what they could to repair the damage. Then in laboratories scattered across Canada, a handful of inquisitive young engineers, turned their prying brains on the cause rather than the effect. They scrutinized grains of sand, particles of clay and silt, and they asked, "From what properties of these can we predict whether this foundation will support a skyscraper, and that one will not?"

UBC Type

Slight, intense-faced Paul Cook graduated from the University of British Columbia in 1940 as a civil engineer. He had a stint of mechanical engineering, and then joined the Provincial Department of Public Works in 1945. The Department sent him back to university to explore, experiment and compile his findings in the comparatively new field of soil engineering. Soil testing caught his imagination, and at the same time, pointed the way to the Winnipeg-born man, an enthusiastic individual enterpriser, to a new, profitable field for himself.

Today Cook is the only professional engineer in Canada to operate a complete soil investigation service which includes drilling, through soil testing, to the final professional report. His advice, following his investigations, has saved his clients tens of thousands of dollars.

When Alcan commenced construction of one of the biggest programs of industrial development Canada has ever known—at Kitimat, 350 miles north of Vancouver—one of the first projects was the building of a dam on the Nechako River. This dam, the first of several, will harness the river's power potential for the aluminum producing plant of the future.

A site was chosen for the dam, which will cost more than $2 million and will be one of the highest earth structures of its type in the world. The problem arose: what to use for the impervious core material of the dam?

Paul Cook took a field laboratory into the area. Exploring the rugged, jagged country, the sandpile Sherlock Holmes did find a spot where the soil was of the type needed for the dam.

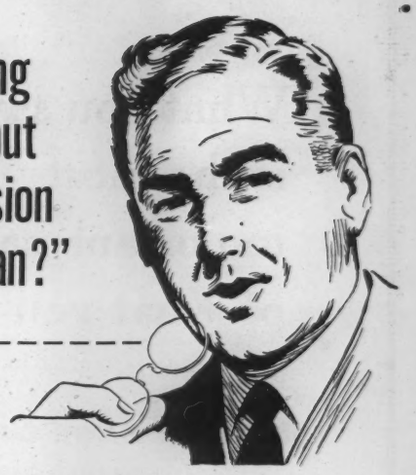
When a BC transportation company began to look around for a large bus park for their equipment, a peat bog was the most convenient, available property. At one time, parking and moving heavy vehicles on a filled bog would have been a gamble. But it isn't now, with Paul Cook pottering with his frame-like equipment and testing apparatus.

Three Point Program

By drilling he was able to ascertain exactly what material lay beneath the bog. By testing, he determined how much the bog would settle under the pressure of a fill. As consultant he was able to advise how much fill would have to be poured into the bog, and how long it would take this fill to settle before concrete could be laid to support the heavy buses.

He was on the job when the City of Vancouver began planning the enormous Granville Street bridge which will cross False Creek, a shallow, muddy tidewater arm of English Bay. The engineer drilled and

"Thinking about a Pension Plan?"



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tested and consulted with city engineers on the amount of differential settlement there would be between the piers on which would rest the rigid frame concrete approaches.

"A grain of sand can work for you, or it can ruin you," says Cook. "It's a bit awesome to think of the million-dollar projects for the development of our resources that can be thrown out of gear by something that, literally, you could put in your eye."

Sand a Servant

Grains of sand, many of them, are working for Paul Cook. In 1949 he struck out for himself. Today he has his own laboratory and a staff of assistants. But in between, he had to sell contractors and builders on the fact that he could save them money and time.

"We went hungry for a while," he admits. "We had a struggle to get started, to earn enough money to live, and at the same time build up the necessary laboratory equipment." His mechanical engineering experience served him well; he had to build much of his drilling and field-testing equipment himself.

"Some of it I could have imported from the United States, but it wouldn't have been adapted for Canadian conditions." Cook has developed a new type of diamond drill to meet his requirements for work in BC.

He cites his only hobby as designing and building testing equipment. "Recently I worked 65 hours in four days building a new machine. I have a drafting board at home, and often I work nearly all night. It's a good thing my wife is an understanding woman."

The whole family gets in the act. Vickie, eight, is fascinated watching her father at work at his drafting board, and when Cook takes his crew out on an exploratory field trip near Vancouver, Blake, nearly five, goes along. "He's so interested in watching us work with the equipment you'd think he knew what was going on." The father paused. "That's one reason why I'm working so hard, why there is so much satisfaction creating a business, if my son is interested in it, I'm creating something for the future."

Homework

Some of his work can be carried on in his Vancouver laboratory, where by using the instruments he has evolved, he can classify silts and sands according to physical properties, such as grain size. From these tests and his experience he can infer other properties such as the relation between the settlement and the load placed upon them. The plasticity and moisture content of clays tell him the same thing.

In larger projects, or when conditions are unusual, he takes his portable laboratory into the field. When he appears and people call him the sandman, he can shrug that off.

"But I wish they wouldn't think a soil engineer is an agriculturist and ask me why their potatoes won't grow. Me, I'm interested in the physical properties of the earth, not the chemical."

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CANADIAN BUSINESS

OUTLOOK FOR METALS

ACCORDING to the John M. Easson Company's *Canadian Metals Survey*, supply and price pressure will continue on base metals for some time to come. Increased production and a levelling off of defence demands in the future will have varying effects on the different metals.

Outlook for some:

ALUMINUM: The survey rates demand for aluminum at 175 per cent of available supplies. Fourth-quarter allotments for other than defence purposes are less than half consumption recorded in the first part of 1950. U.S. direct military requirements have increased sharply since Spring with a further increase indicated (20 per cent of available supplies to 29 per cent, with 36 per cent expected to be required for direct military purposes by the middle of 1952).

A bright spot in the supply picture however, appears with the probability that, by the middle of 1952, new productive capacity will assure adequate supplies for domestic purposes.

COPPER: The supply picture is darker for this metal. To meet a dangerously tight supply situation in the U.S., withdrawal of a further 30,000 tons of copper from the stockpile has been authorized. The West's demand for copper for the fourth quarter of the year is 15.8 per cent above production. Direct military requirements in the U.S. have risen from 10 per cent to 18 per cent of the total since Spring. U.S. demand for this purpose is expected to reach 27 per cent of the total available by the middle of next year.

The outlook for new production in the U.S. and abroad is pretty long term. A major increase in supply isn't expected until 1954 at the earliest.

IRON AND STEEL: Fourth-quarter demand for these products is rated at 147 per cent of supply. Military requirements have risen from 7 per cent of supply to 11 per cent since Spring. By the middle of 1952, an estimated 15 per cent of supply will be required for these purposes.

By that time, however, the supply picture should be brightening. The industry's steel-consuming expansion program will be completed, and output will be increased.

American ingot production for 1951 is placed at 106 million tons; it's expected to reach 112 million tons in 1952. Iron ore shipments down the Great Lakes have increased substantially: in the first nine months of the year they totalled about 71.5 million tons, a 12-million-ton increase over the same period in 1950.

Canadian steel production for the first seven months of 1951 was 8 per cent above the 1950 period, and imports of iron and steel shapes were 57 per cent higher.

NICKEL: Prospects are for a continuing tight supply here. According to the survey, only a bare minimum of supplies is available for non-defence purposes. Accelerated jet aircraft production will increase pressure on supply.

Canadian production is expanding but, even by 1954, productive capacity is expected to be only 15 or 20 per cent greater than it was last year.

LEAD: A. G. Charles, Head of the Statistical Department of the British Metal Corporation, expects a 50,000 ton increase in the West's lead output in 1951 and another 50,000 ton increase in 1952. Production in 1950 was about 1.45 million long tons. Price and supply positions of lead were aided by the cessation of U.S. Government stockpiling of this commodity in April, 1951. Also, defence demands fall less heavily on lead than on copper and zinc.

ZINC: U.S. output, which in 1950 was 1.7 million long tons, may rise by 100,000 tons in 1951. There is a good chance that the West's total production may reach 2 million tons in 1952.

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THE SEEKERS

NEW BRUNSWICK is hopefully keeping its fingers crossed and waiting to see whether mining, which has long been the inconsequential little sister among its primary industries, will turn out to be a Cinderella.

Almost overnight, the sketchy surveys that have been going on for decades in the northern part of the Province have developed into well-organized explorations by "name" mining companies.

The most intensive search for base metal ores is under way in Gloucester and Restigouche counties on the south shore of Bay Chaleur—not far, as the crow flies, from the mining activity in the Gaspé Peninsula.

As W. A. (Bill) Moore, Provincial Deputy Minister of Industry and Development, sums it up: "There's a prospector behind every tree in northern New Brunswick and by next spring there will probably be one for every tree branch."

How small NB's mining industry is at present is evident from the annual production figures. Last year, for example, the output was worth only about $12,500,000, more than a third of which represented coal harvested by strip-mining. Other leading items were, in order, stone, sand and gravel, clay products, gypsum, limestone.

A new glitter was added when three Bathurst prospectors found some silver, copper, lead, zinc, small traces of gold and a substantial quantity of sub-commercial grade iron. When their funds ran low, an NB syndicate of 40 persons was formed to make a geological survey.

Unlike many such groups, the syndicate decided against spending money on promotion ballyhoo. It would simply apply its funds to exploration and development, and see what would happen.

The survey's report was ready early this year, covering a concession of slightly more than 30 square miles. It drew the attention of large mining outfits, and working agreements were rapidly drawn up. Noranda Mines Ltd., B. W. Newkirk, M. J. O'Brien Ltd., Mining Corporation of Canada and O'Brien Gold Mines Ltd. are moving drilling crews in, and more companies are planning to investigate nearby regions.

In other parts of NB, American Metal, Kennecott Copper Company and Anacon Extension Ltd. have concessions, and independent prospectors also are busy.

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BOOKS FOR BUSINESS

BRIEFLY NOTED

TAXATION IN CANADA—by J. Harvey Perry —*University of Toronto Press*—$6.00.
DIRECTORY OF DIRECTORS — The *Financial Post*—*Maclean-Hunter*—$10.

IT'S PRETTY certain that the growing welfare-state concept, whatever form it finally takes in Canada, will play a large part in determining the size as well as the form of the tax structure in Canada. In addition, the fiscal policy—as distinct from the revenue—role of taxation can be expected to play an increasingly important role in the Canadian economic scene.

Mr. Perry's scholarly yet entirely readable work not only provides the background against which these developments can be watched, but also sets out the nature and operation of the taxation mechanism in Canada today in such a way as to give the book real and very practical value to the businessman.

Mr. Perry knows whereof he speaks. For over 15 years he has been in close contact with the Federal Department of Finance in the formulation of tax policy and the drafting of tax laws.

A separate study, which will expand the brief historical chapter at the beginning of this book, is to be published later.

THE 1951 EDITION of the *Financial Post's* Directory of Directors reflects recent Canadian industrial and commercial growth. There are about 9,000 directors and officials listed—some 700 more than in the 1949 edition. As in the previous editions, addresses and business interests of the helmsmen of Canadian business, industry and profession are listed. This is the ninth volume of a carefully researched aid to the business fraternity.

M.Y.

INSURANCE

THOSE RIDERS

MR. A pulled a fairly thick sheaf of papers out of his desk drawer.

"Look at these," he groaned in mock anguish. "With every policy I have there are about 16 riders. Why can't the insurance people get everything on one contract?"

While Mr. A was exaggerating—his total number of riders didn't come to 16—at the same time he was voicing a fairly common complaint. Many people feel that insurance contracts are complicated enough without adding other documents to create further confusion.

Actually, these riders or endorsements are an essential part of the industry. First of all there are specific forms of coverage. One gets, for example, a personal-property floater which states that the insurance company agrees to certain conditions. There are stated limitations and exclusions. In respect to fine arts, for example, the insurer shall not be "liable for more than $500 while such property is outside the residence(s) described in this Policy."

In this case it is necessary to obtain added protection for such fine arts, which includes paintings, etchings, statuary, rare books, manuscripts and porcelains.

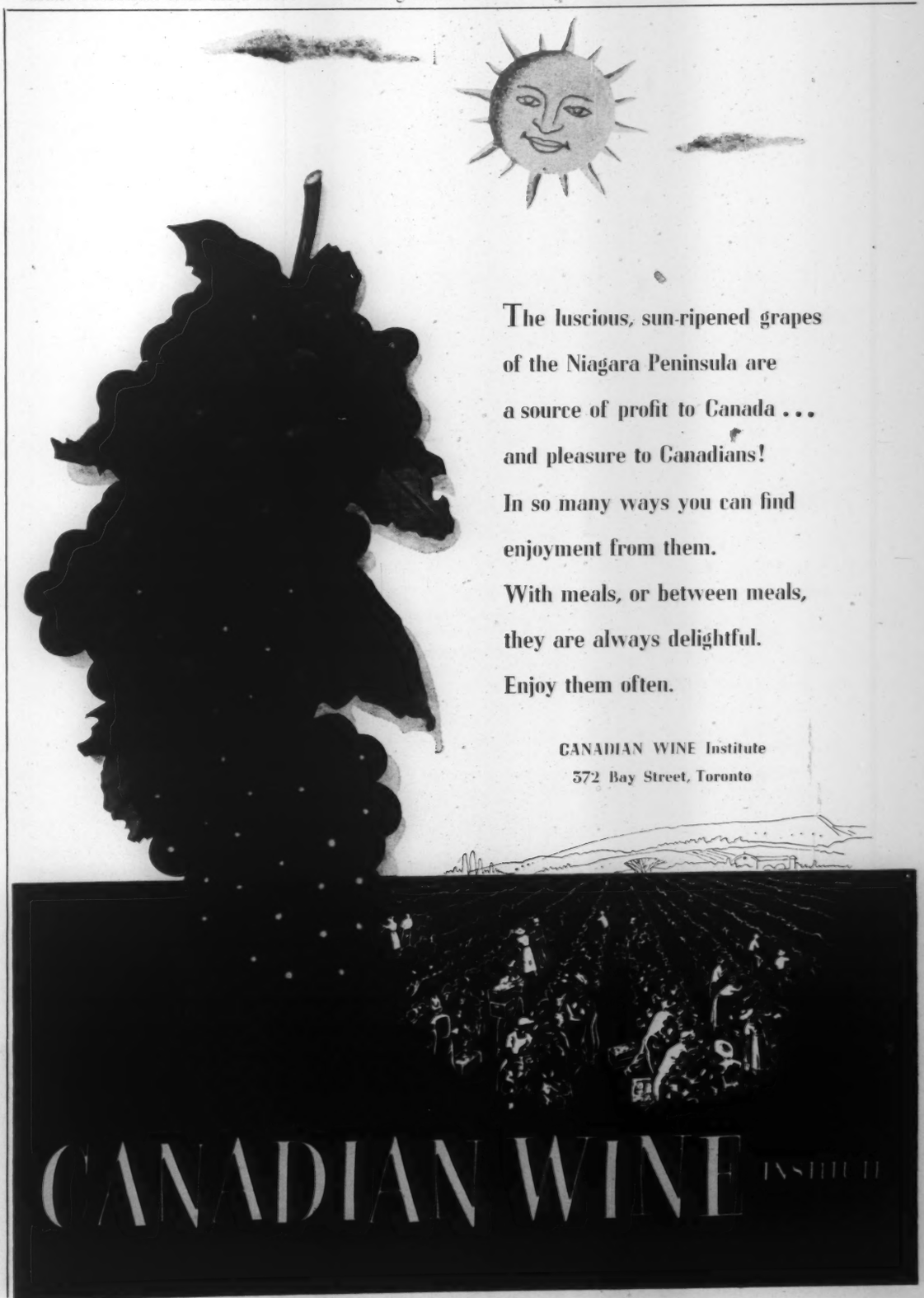
It must be remembered that forms vary according to the nature of the thing to be insured or the uses to which it is put. There is a standard automobile policy. But this will not protect you if you are involved in an accident while driving a car belonging to another party. This calls for a Drive Other Automobiles Endorsement. There are actually two endorsements: a restricted form and a broad form. A car owner may decide not to operate his vehicle during the winter months. This calls for a Winter Cancellation Endorsement.

Every rider or endorsement is different and every one is designed for a special job. At the same time, it might be pointed out that the forms are standardized to a large extent. Some industries require broader permits than others.

Some insureds desire protection for one thing and others wish to protect something else. A man who wishes to insure his stamp collection hasn't the slightest interest in his neighbor's collection of first editions. But the policy designed for the stamp collector won't protect the bibliomaniac and so the insurance company must have a policy for each.

The industry has done much in recent years in the matter of standardizing policies. But so long as people demand specialized protection, then they will have to put up with the additional endorsements.

—Douglas R. Weston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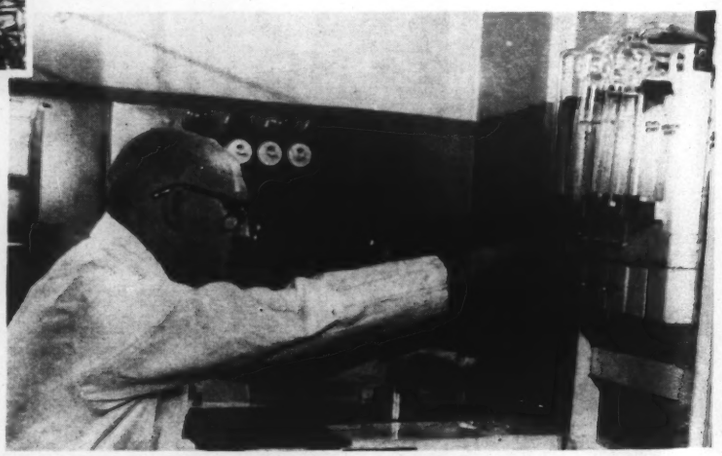
SINCE GRANDMA'S DAY

MILK AND MACHINES

TASTE TEST, based on experience, told grandma how near cream was to becoming butter. Good enough in its day, it is hardly adequate for tests and measurements required for many products of the dairy industry today. It's a half-billion-dollar-a-year business, employing, directly or indirectly, one Canadian in every six. Science plays a big part in it. The Mojonnier test, r., is a check on amount of fat in ice cream mix, condensed products.



ROTATION CHURN, l., works just like grandma's but it makes 1,000 pounds of butter at once. Bigger and faster, it has it all over butter working table, below. All photos from Film Board short, "Milk Made".

BUSINESS COMMENT

OUR DEBT WORKS FOR US

by P. M. Richards

IT USED to be normal for us in Canada to spend less than we earned abroad and thus to have a favorable balance on our foreign trading. But last year, for the first time since 1933, the situation was reversed and we not only had a current account deficit but one in excess of $300 million. This year our imports have risen still further and have gone up considerably more than our exports. Apparently our current account deficit for 1951 will be substantially larger than the $300 million figure for 1950.

Large increases in imports from the United States have been accomplished by sizable borrowings by our provincial governments, municipalities and corporations in the U.S., and this is causing some Canadian head-shaking about the extent to which we are going into debt abroad. But Louis Rasminsky, Chairman (Alternate) of the Foreign Exchange Control Board and Executive Assistant to the Governors of the Bank of Canada, in a speech to the Canadian Club of Toronto, suggested that the current account deficits are a more or less normal product of the circumstances in which Canada now finds itself.

He pointed out that this country's resources have recently been under heavy pressure because of the great strides being taken towards the development of its economic potential, and in this connection remarked that "one would have to look far throughout the world to find another country which is devoting as much as a quarter of its gross national product — as we are — to enlarging its capital structure."

Two earlier dynamic periods in our history, from 1900 to 1913 and during the 1920's, were likewise characterized by large net imports of capital, that is, by large current account deficits. Mr. Rasminsky said that such deficits are anti-inflationary because goods come into the country without there being any corresponding increase in incomes looking for goods to buy. The existence of a current account deficit is by no means necessarily evidence of improvidence or extravagance. One has to ask oneself what has given rise to the deficit, whether it is enabling a country to maintain a standard of living beyond its own ultimate resources or whether it is being balanced by an improvement in the country's economic position. Not least important, one has to ask oneself what means are open to pay the deficit.

Even after the large recent borrowings abroad, total interest payments abroad are very much lower than they were twenty years ago, Mr. Rasminsky pointed out. Including payments on equity investments as well as bonds, the $400-$450 million we shall pay in interest and dividends to non-residents this year represents only 2½ per cent of our national income, compared to 8 per cent of our national income required to pay $350 million in 1930. In 1930 it took nearly 20 per cent of the proceeds of our exports to meet our interest and dividend payments to non-residents. Today, even though these payments are larger, it takes hardly more than 2 per cent of our export proceeds to meet them.

Finally, one must have regard to the use we make of this import of capital. Mr. Rasminsky admitted that some part of our imports is unproductive, and debt incurred to finance them would have to be regarded as deadweight debt. But, he said, our domestic capital structure is being enlarged and intensified, and the bulk of the new capital is not going into public buildings and theatres but into basic resource developments which will enlarge our capacity to export or reduce our import requirements.

1952 OUTLOOK

CANADIAN business prospects for early 1952, as sifted out of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce's 22nd annual meeting at Quebec City, are for a high overall level of activity but with rigidities and dislocations resulting from material shortages and anti-inflation restrictions. Defence orders will assume a bigger role as the economy moves further from peace to a war preparedness basis, and will consume more steel and other materials in short supply, leaving less for civilian production.

Delegates to the Quebec meeting foresaw more business headaches next year, but nothing that was insuperable. The general feeling was that with continuance of the cooperation between Government and business that has been shown so far, the productive system should be able to take care of defence requirements without too severe cutbacks on civilian production.

Donald L. Morrell, General Manager of the Chamber of Commerce, emphasized that Canada's adverse trade balance with the United States

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(see above), now running about $45 million monthly, must be offset as far as possible by selling more Canadian goods to the U.S.

NO RUNAWAY

WHILE the danger of progressive inflation continues to occupy a good many minds in many countries, Dr. Sumner H. Slichter, famed economist of Harvard University, says of prospects in his own country that though the course of prices is likely to be slowly upward, the possibility of a runaway inflation is remote. The general assumption has been that after a slow rise of prices has continued for a few years, it is likely to develop into a galloping rise, but Dr. Slichter contends that two recent interruptions to the advance of inflation, one in 1948 and the second in 1951, indicate that the economy contains various characteristics which prevent upward (or downward) spirals from lasting very long before being reversed.

Upward spirals are limited by the stiff personal income tax which takes a growing proportion of rising incomes, by the social security taxes, by the stiff corporate income tax, by the well-established practice of corporations financing a large part of their capital requirements by ploughing back earnings, by the lag between increases in corporate profits and increases in dividend disbursements, by the limited willingness of business concerns to increase their inventories in response to rising prices, and by a limited willingness of individuals to increase their indebtedness in response to expectations of higher prices or increases in their own incomes.

All of this points, says Slichter, to the conclusion that the movement of prices in the U.S. is likely to be jerky —as it has been in the last five years and, in fact, as it always has been. The underlying movement of costs will be slowly upward—unless technological progress turns out to be faster or labor unions to be less aggressive than now appears likely.

The price level, either with or without some help from public policies, will adjust itself to slowly rising costs. During periods of boom, prices will rise faster than costs. But the rise will soon be interrupted, as it was in 1948 and again this year. But much the same influences that halted the price will, acting in reverse, soon halt the contraction.

Thus prices will oscillate around the level of costs, and the long-run trend of the price level will be determined by a sort of competition between managers and engineers on the one hand and the unions on the other hand — the managers and engineers striving to hold down costs by increasing output per manhour and the unions constantly endeavoring to raise wages higher and higher.

Though Dr. Slichter is speaking here only of cost and price trends in the United States, it's obvious that the factors he refers to also operate here and in other countries, and that U.S. conditions will continue to exert a considerable influence on price trends elsewhere, particularly in Canada.

U.S. BUSINESS

IN THE RED

WASHINGTON defence officials are admitting that their expenditure forecasts have been off base; the peak in defence costs, forecast for the second quarter of this year, is now scheduled for some time in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1953.

The peak, when it comes, will be staggering. Deliveries of military equipment will run more than $10 billion a quarter as opposed to half that amount today. Overall outlays in fiscal 1952 are estimated at $65 billion and may rise to $87 billion in fiscal 1953.

The delay in reaching the peak in defence expenditures makes the expected inflation pressure less menacing. It means that the peak in demand for defence goods will correspond more closely with the nation's ability to produce them. Given more time to complete the defence buildup, the U.S. economy should be able to meet the defence demands with much less pressure on the civilian economy than had been expected when the spending peak was scheduled for this summer.

The inflationary pressures will be there however, as federal revenues will be below federal expenditures, in spite of the growth of U.S. Government revenue. These will pass a new milestone this fiscal year—exceeding one billion dollars a week for the first time.

Federal receipts are already running at an annual rate nearly half as high again as they were at the peak of World War II. Yet even revenues of this magnitude won't keep Washington out of the red in fiscal 1952 and fiscal 1953. The anticipated deficit for these years is placed at $10 billion and $14 billion respectively.

PULP TRADE SWITCH

SINCE THE WAR there has been a marked switch in U.S. purchases of wood pulp. Prior to World War II, the Americans' wood pulp imports from overseas were four times their imports from Canada. Today, however, imports from Canada are close to an annual rate of 2,250,000 tons, while the imports from overseas have dropped to an annual rate of about 600,000 tons.

U.S. imports of Canadian pulp in 1951, through August, were 1,282,000 tons—an increase of 20 per cent over the same period last year. Imports from Sweden were 202,000 tons for the same period. This is a 34 per cent drop compared with the 1950 period. Imports from Norway and Finland, however, have not been affected.

■ An international trade fair will be attempted once more in the U.S. The one held in Chicago in August of 1950 was only a partial success. But the mid-west city has decided to try it again and the event will be held at Chicago's mile-long navy pier from March 22 to April 6, 1952.

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CAPITAL COMMENT

This Business of Smuggling

by Wilfrid Eggleston

FOR TEN YEARS the tariff issue has seemed to be as dead as a dodo in Canadian politics, and then A. W. Stuart, the Liberal member for Charlotte, NB, revived it like the phoenix by a single short speech in the Commons. For good measure Stuart made a confession about smuggling that must have sent shivers up and down the spines of all good law enforcers, especially those in the employ of the Department of National Revenue. The consternation of this double-barreled shock cannot often have been exceeded since Oliver Twist uttered that immortal sentiment, "Please, sir, I want some more."

To most people born and raised in the environs of Canada's protected manufacturing centres, the tariff is honored as one of the pillars of national prosperity. A central Canadian does not carry this devotion to the protective principle so far as to refrain religiously from slipping into Canada the odd carton of cigarettes when he thinks he can get away with it, but wholesale smuggling is something else again. It threatens the whole basis of central Canadian industry and as such his face is set sternly against it as an unmoral and indefensible practice.

Maybe we need an occasional reminder from someone on the periphery of Canada that not all Canadians feel the same way about the tariff, and those evasions of the tariff vulgarly called smuggling, as do the members for the big manufacturing ridings and Hon. J. J. McCann.

"Don't Get Caught"

To many simple minded citizens, like myself, a law of the land is a law, no more and no less. I once heard, with some perturbation, a free trader say that he felt no moral compunction about beating the customs, because he was opposed to tariffs, and had never lost an opportunity to vote against them. And on my visits to the Maritimes in the 1920's and early 1930's, I found that the smuggling of rum into Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia was considered a very smart trick, the only commandment to be seriously considered being "Thou shalt not be caught."

That this is not a sentiment confined to a few disreputable characters would appear from one of the arguments put up to the Royal Commission on Dominion Provincial Relations by the Government of Prince Edward Island.

In their brief of February, 1938, the Prince Edward Islanders were developing the familiar theme that ever since Confederation they had suffered from the policies of Ottawa, that in a sense they were really forced into Confederation and that in many respects they would have been better off to have stayed out. No one takes this line of argument too seriously, least of all the high executive of the Island, but it was developed on that occasion with every appearance of great gravity.

Just to show how many disadvantages Prince Edward Island had accepted as the price of Confederation, they said—and it is still there in black and white, in the official brief:

"As a separate unit Prince Edward Island might have formed a very convenient base for smuggling operaitons."

And they added; "Left to herself . . this Province would have been perfectly capable of working out its own destiny, which might very well have resulted in a greater financial prosperity and well-being for her people than they have attained under Confederation."

Tariff-Boosted Prices

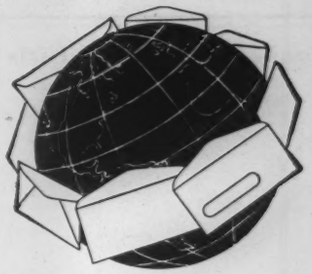
A. W. Stuart developed his own point of view with much cogency. Where I live, he said, in effect, on the bank of the St. Croix, you can throw a stone across to the U.S. side. The U.S. buys our products duty-free. They give us U.S. dollars which we have to use "to pay double the price in central Canada for commodities . . . that we could buy right on our door step for one-half what they charge here."

This grievance began right at Confederation, when two low-tariff provinces, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, joined with the Province of Canada already imposing considerably higher levies. The gap in sentiment was widened by the National Policy of 1879, and the feeling was exacerbated by the Bennett tariffs of 1930-31. Those who value Canadian unity need always to remember the burden of the tariff on the periphery. Recently little has been heard about it. Mr. Stuart very properly revives the issue. It will be educational for his fellow members from the central provinces.

The Moral Issue

On the moral issue of open smuggling, or at any rate open admission of smuggling past and smuggling to come, it may be difficult to be so commendatory. What is the Prime Minister's duty when one of his own followers so frankly publishes his practice and intention? What moral support will such a declaration give to those who have been tempted but who have so far submitted to the power of majority disapproval?

Possibly Mr. Stuart has been reading Henry Thomas Buckle. Buckle, in his famous History of Civilization, quotes "a very high authority" as saying that the trade of Europe at one stage became so strangled in rules and regulations "that if it had not been for smuggling, trade . . . must have perished."



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Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½c per share has been declared on the outstanding Class A shares of this Company, payable December 1, 1951, to shareholders of record at the close of business on November 15, 1951.

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 17½c per share has been declared on the outstanding Class B shares of this Company payable December 1, 1951, to shareholders of record at the close of business on November 15, 1951.

By Order of the Board.
KENNETH C. BENNINGTON,
Secretary.
Newmarket, Ontario.
November 1, 1951.

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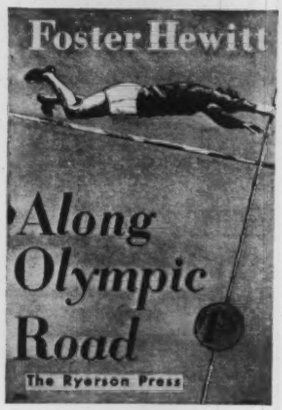
DIVIDEND NO. 10

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an interim dividend of five cents per share has been declared by the Directors of the Company, payable in Canadian funds, on December 15th, 1951, to shareholders of record at the close of business November 15th, 1951.

By Order of the Board.
W. W. McBRIEN,
Secretary-Treasurer.
October 25, 1951.

Books for Boys and Girls



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BOOK REVIEWS

DEBUNKING THE DEBUNKERS

by R. A. Farquharson

VOYAGE TO WINDWARD—by J. C. Furnas—*McLeod—$6.75.*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, who in 44 years turned out 32 volumes of novels, essays and verse, lives vividly again in this book, published 101 years after he was born. More has been published about Stevenson than he wrote himself but for some years now he has been out of literary fashion. Far too often he has been lightly regarded as the author of juveniles. His critics have disregarded the fact that his "Treasure Island," for instance, is one of the few books of literary standing which continues to compete successfully with the thriller and the comic strip.

J. C. Furnas has now done a job which brings not only the genius, but the lively humanness of Stevenson back to public attention.

So many people wrote about Stevenson after his death (Quiller-Couch: "Stevenson is dead and now there is nobody left to write for") that he suffered "the indignity of being pilloried in stained glass." Overpraise elicits attack and relative neglect and Stevenson is still suffering from the extravagance of his friends.

Furnas, with his wife Helen, who assists in his research, spent years and travelled 30,000 miles digging out the complete facts about Stevenson. Correspondence, never before available to a biographer, has been turned up and the result is a rounded picture of the frail, but lively Stevenson, who "had an excellent head; but his heart was always the older brother."

"Treasure Island," his first novel, was written under a pseudonym as professional caution—it might be bad for his general reputation to hack openly for the juvenile press. He needed the money and got £34 for the serial rights. Later he was amazed to get £100, "a sight more than it is worth"—for the book rights. When he heard that Gladstone, whom he detested, sat up all night to read it, Stevenson snapped back that the Grand Old Man "would do better to attend to the Imperial affairs of England."

With "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Treasure Island" is still the most read of all Stevenson's works. "The Weir of Hermiston," one of the great novels of the nineteenth century, is largely neglected.

It was "Jekyll" that exploded Stevenson into fame among people outside the writing business. In a matter of months Jekyll-and-Hyde was a proverb throughout the English speaking world.

Stevenson was never an Imperialist. Of the early stages of the Boer War: "This is a damned, dirty, foul job of ours in the Transvaal." Ill health forced constant travel in search of the sun and he regarded England as a "dank corridor to Europe."

"Voyage to Windward" belongs to the welcome school of debunking the debunkers. Furnas produces evidence to indicate that Stevenson's relationship with beautiful Fanny Sitwell was platonic; that he was not a moral coward about the mysterious Claire for the very good reason she did not exist; that he was neither a hypocrite about Burns' amours nor an unfaithful husband even if he and his wife anticipated the parson.

Furnas comes to biography through the magazine-writing field and his assignments, incidentally, have brought him frequently to Canada. He has published a number of books and while collecting material in the South Seas for his "Anatomy of Paradise" had the opportunity of following the Stevenson trail. This reviewer has watched with warm interest the growth of Furnas through his last four books.

The man whose "And Sudden Death" ran into 9 million reprints has given us in "Voyage to Windward" a great modern biography.

OUT OF BONDAGE

by J. L. Charlesworth

MOSES—by Sholem Asch—*Allen—$4.00.*

THE STORY of Moses is told in a few chapters of the Bible. Sholem Asch has expanded it to more than 500 pages without any marked improvement to justify the expansion.

The technique used by this writer resembles that of some popular preachers. He takes a theme from the Bible, looks up a number of related references, imagines some dramatic scenes and stirs the lot together. The resulting concoction is something that cannot be fairly described as either history, biography or fiction, but it suits the taste of the religious market, which consists of those readers who made "Quo Vadis" and "Ben Hur" best-sellers in their day.

SHOLEM ASCH —"Moses"

Although Mr. Asch is a devout Jew, he does not minimize the unpleasant characteristics of the Hebrews whom Moses led out of bondage. He sees the rank and file of the chosen people as a rather scurvy lot, suspicious of their leaders, ready to backslide from their religious beliefs whenever they had to undergo hardship, some of them preferring slavery under the Egyptians to freedom under Moses. The author sees the years of desert wandering as a hardening process necessary to the eradication of the habits of slavery and to training the people in the ways of freedom.

Mr. Asch has kept the broad outlines of the Biblical account of the Exodus, but has allowed himself some liberties with details. Thus he attempts to rationalize some of the miracles attributed to his hero, but accepts others, such as the crossing of the Red Sea, as true miracles. In doing this he may wish to conciliate both the devout, who look on Moses as an historical character, and the sceptical, who are inclined to treat most of the stories in the Pentateuch as mythological. He is quite likely to annoy both sides more than he pleases them.

Actually, whether real or mythical, Moses is a national hero of whom any race might be proud. If Mr. Asch has added nothing essential to the tradition, he has at least done nothing to diminish its importance. It is the strength of the Jewish traditions that has maintained Moses' people as a nation through the centuries that have witnessed the decay of their earliest persecutors.

ON THE FRONTIER

by Hal Tracey

GRASS BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS—by Richmond P. Hobson, Jr.—*Longmans, Green—$4.50.*

MOST ACCOUNTS of life on the western frontier get lost in a romantic haze of Indian fighting. Although Richmond P. "Rich" Hobson had to fight an Indian (they put on the gloves, and Hobson won by a knockout) his book is mainly concerned with the almost incredible hardships he and his partner "Panhandle" Phillips overcame in establishing a ranch on "the last great cattle frontier on the North American continent", in the then-uncharted interior of British Columbia.

It was Phillips, "the Old Top Hand" who conceived the idea and, without coaxing, Hobson threw in his lot with him to run the most remote cattle ranch in North America, north of the Algak and Itcha mountain ranges, at the headwaters of the Blackwater River.

Together they faced terrors ranging from mosquitoes, muskeg swamps and bitter cold to wolves as big as black bears, enraged cow moose protecting their calves, and grizzly bears. The country almost claimed their lives, not once, but many times. Their cattle almost died of starvation. They themselves, and their "snuffy" and spirited

—"Grass Beyond the Mountains"
RICHMOND HOBSON AND "NIMPO"

horses, were often on the point of exhaustion.

The book is as sharp and authentic as the smell of saddle leather. It unfolds the interdependence of the men on the frontier, who will ride for miles to help a neighbor in distress. Each man indeed knows that he may be the next one to whom a helping hand may mean the difference between life and death.

Hobson now has his own spread (the land he and Phillips discovered was taken over by a cattle company, since 4 million acres was a little too much for two men to handle.) It is on the headwaters of the Nechako River, a 25-mile long grassy valley where he runs "a sizeable bunch of whiteface cattle who are more than paying their way, and a big herd of range horses who are eating up the profits."

Hobson's book proves, above all, that the romance and adventure of the Wild West didn't die out when the last redskin bit the dust. Canada's west, or rather northwest, of the 1930's was just as wild and woolly, and its cowboys just as bold and venturesome, as in great-great-grandfather's day when the first wagon trains began to roll into the setting sun.

SCENE AROUND

by Herbert McManus

THE VILLA DIANA — by Alan Moorehead — *British Book Service—$2.50.*

BRILLIANT British war-correspondent and biographer of Montgomery, Alan Moorehead has been spending the past few years in Italy. Relaxing from the rigors of war he has not, however, abandoned his craft; he lets, instead, his relaxed mood creep into this series of charming essays on the scene around him. Viewed through English eyes the Italian goings-on lose much of their harsh reality and emerge, politics and all, as a series of almost hilarious antics.

This is not to say that Moorehead is without sympathy for the troubles of his late enemies; it is simply that the sunny warmth of Italy softens some of the colder facts for him as it does not for the native Italian postwar writers. When he discovered that he needed "a little more help" to operate the Villa Diana the result was practically a mass migration of population—relatives, hangers-on and scores of assorted minor tradesmen.

A classic horse-racing story is Moorehead's account of the annual event at Siena. Here there is no ethical prying by Government-appointed commissions. On the contrary the employment of any and every means to secure victory for the chosen steed is considered evidence of an enterprising spirit and entirely laudatory. The resulting crescendo of violence is something to be seen to be believed. Equally classic, in its way, is the reporting of the effect of the new sanitary amenities in low-cost housing upon the occupants. The story is entitled, quite simply, "Look, Signore! Water Emerges!"

Serious essay of the collection is the result of Moorehead's research into the life of Angelo Polziano, occupant of the Villa Diana in 1483 and tutor to the three children of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Here the craftsmanship of the writer breathes life into the poignant story of the poet who was "the greatest humanist of his time."

Osbert Lancaster, English wit, architect and cartoonist has contributed to the book a series of sly but delicately sensitive drawings. These add distinction to an English volume which is well printed and cleanly designed.

TASK AHEAD

by Lucy Van Gogh

THE LIFE AND SOUL OF PARACELSUS — by John Hargrave—*Longmans, Green—$3.75.*

MR. HARGRAVE invented an automatic navigator for aircraft in 1937, and was for a time economic adviser to the Alberta Government's Planning Committee, from which we assume that he has some faith in the doctrines of Major Douglas. He wrote a novel entitled "The Imitation Man", based on the homunculus theory of Paracelsus, otherwise known as Philippus Theophrastus Bombast, one of those unfortunate souls who strove to be scientists in an age when science was impermissible. The actual facts of his life and death (the latter occurred in 1541) are extremely uncertain, and Mr. Hargrave has used a good deal of the liberty of the novelist. It might not be a bad idea to get him to do the biography of William Aberhart.

—Osbert Lancaster
FROM "THE VILLA DIANA"

In choosing books for their children modern parents may occasionally find themselves bewildered by the galaxy of new literary characters which their offspring have added to the old familiar names. For instance, Lois Lenski's forthright Mr. Small has become as familiar to very young readers as the beloved Alice to their slightly older brothers and sisters. The introduction of Mama Small and the small Smalls in Miss Lenski's latest little book, *Papa Small* ($1.50), will delight them. And Edward Ardizzone's resourceful young Tim has had some fine adventures in recent years as he now does with little Charlotte, whom he rescues from the sea in *Tim and Charlotte* ($2.00). The artist-author's pictures are as joyful as ever.

These are books which parents may safely choose, assured that the heroes are already well established in favour. But what of the army of new characters which annually makes its appearance in children's literature? In this dilemma we can only suggest that the choice of the latest offering of an established author is usually a good solution. This year in *The Armourer's House* ($2.00), Rosemary Sutcliff (*of The Queen Elizabeth Story*) introduces another appealing little girl from England's past. Tamsyn goes from her Devon home to live with cousins in Tudor London and, as usual, Miss Sutcliff and the artist, Walter Hodges, weave historical and homely detail into the story with memorable freshness. Jacky Nameless of *Knave-Go-By* ($2.00) is as lively and likeable as Stevenson's Jim Hawkins, and C. Fox Smith's writing in her latest period adventure story is reminiscent of Stevenson's best. Tasha Tudor is another modern artist-author who has won an established place. Now she presents little Amanda and her pet bear, Adam, in *Amanda and the Bear* ($2.00) with some more of her distinctively quaint and delicate pictures. Incidentally, Miss Tudor's entrancing and popular versions of the old favourites, *A Child's Garden of Verses* ($3.00) and *Mother Goose* ($3.00), are again available.

This year Oxford proudly presents a new *Canadian* hero and a new Canadian author to the large field of outstanding children's literature. Dirk Willem is an endearing little Dutch boy who comes to make his home with his family on an Alberta farm. In *Here Comes Dirk* ($2.50) Audrey McKim of Edmonton tells the story of his first year in his new homeland with charm and humour and Bruce Johnson of Toronto illustrates it with some captivating drawings.

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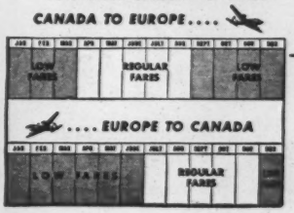

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THE FRESH AIR

by Arleigh Junor

ONE HAPPY MOMENT — by Louise Riley — *Copp Clark—$3.00.*

THIS IS a new novel by a Canadian who has previously written successfully for young people, but it is certainly no tale for juveniles. It is a modern story of a young woman who comes from Montreal to a Lodge in the Rockies near Lake Louise and of the people whom she meets there. The setting is another of those well-worn situations involving lives of people gathered together for a brief space of time in one residence such as in "Grand Hotel" etc. In this case it is a small group of people and a very small Resort Lodge.

Perhaps a few of the characters are a bit "typy" and some of the descriptions hackneyed such as "like a frightened doe" or "the sun felt like a caress" but the story moves along naturally, with humor and not a few surprises.

Deborah is fleeing from an unhappy love-affair and a domineering, club-minded mother; she is beautiful and intelligent, a librarian in her native Montreal. The effect upon Deborah of the free mountain air, the beauty of lakes and mountains, and of the people she meets there gives her an intense sense of exhilaration and freedom. Hence the title.

As the book opens Deborah steps from the train in the Rockies and as it speeds off she walks to a small lake and throws her hat into it. Later she changes into slacks, puts her travelling clothes into a suitcase and heaves it into the water, an action which has unexpected consequences when the RCMP start on her trail.

The descriptions of the country are well-done with a minimum of grandiose expressions. Naturally there are tangled love-affairs and there are surprise situations that carry the story along with lively interest, although one is left a bit suspended at the end.

Miss Riley is a native of Calgary who knows her mountains and has developed quite an exciting tale. This is certainly a woman's book.

—Matthews, Calgary

LOUISE RILEY

WRITERS & WRITING

SAY It Isn't Possible Department:

In the United States a new never-dreamed-up-before type of magazine has hit the periodical field. It is geared to the modern American man of expensive cultivation and called *Gentry*.

■ MARY WEEKS, native of Western Canada and one of our best-known writers of juvenile fiction, has sold reprint rights of one of her stories which appeared in *Story Parade* to Scribners and Sons, New York.

■ A few writing and radio people had film chat with ARTHUR IRWIN, Ottawa, former Editor, now Commissioner of National Film Board and his poetess wife at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Band, Toronto.

■ DR. G. E. REAMAN of the English Department at OAC has a book about to be published on the Pennsylvania German, Quaker, Huguenot, Moravian, and "other plain folk" and their part in the earliest settlement of Upper Canada. Author Blodwen Davies of Markham, Ontario, tells us his research work on these people began when he was asked to write a book on the history of Holstein-Friesian cattle in Canada. That led him into the pioneer agricultural history of Upper Canada and ended in an enthusiasm for folklore. He has been the moving spirit in founding the Canadian chapter of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society and is the president.

■ "The Little Magic Fiddler" published by Macmillans and written by LYN COOK, author of "The Bells on Finland Street" is about the brilliant young Winnipeg violinist DONNA GRESCOE and to FERN WESTON, known on the radio as "Jane" the author gives credit for the inspiration that led to weaving a fiction story around her life. Fern did a broadcast when she became famous and Miss Cook dug up the story; from nine to fourteen years of the delightful talented child whose grandparents had come from the Ukraine. The author has sent Fern an autographed copy of the book conveying her appreciation.

■ Had tea with J. B. PRIESTLEY, British novelist and playwright, whose latest book "Festival at Farbridge" has been proving very popular and who has been on a business trip to Canada and the U.S. He declared the Festival of Britain had been a great success although they would like to have welcomed more people from this side of the water. At present Mr. Priestley is working on a new play. He thinks a leisurely and less-confused world would be a more desirable environment for the production of great

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books. While poetic drama is having a vogue there are some indications of realism on the English stage.

Coming out in the twilight a bright-eyed orange sprite appeared;

"What's that?" said Mr. Priestley.

"That is a goblin."

"Ah—Hallowe'en—don't celebrate it anymore in England — just Guy Fawkes"—but he promised not to let the witches get him.

■ DR. MABEL DUNHAM was elected honorary president of the newly organized Pennsylvania German Folklore Society at Waterloo College, Waterloo. Ontario folklore is a gold mine waiting for more Canadian writers to dig.

■ THOMAS FIRBANK, author of "I Bought A Star", published by Clarke Irwin, was born in Quebec and, despite many years' residence in the Old Country, still calls himself a Canadian. He was taken to England as a small child, and educated at Stowe School. When he was eighteen, instead of going to university, he returned to Canada and between 1928 and 1931 worked in a Montreal factory, and travelled and hunted in the Quebec and Ontario woods. Returning to England, he bought "Dyffryn," the farm about which he wrote his best-seller "I Bought A Mountain" which is considered a classic of sheep farming in Wales. It was filmed in Great Britain. The title of his latest book indicates the star-shaped badge of a famous Guards Regiment and is his highly personal story of World War II including some hilarious chapters on the training of an Officer in the Brigade of Guards, of the ingraining in him of that spirit of responsibility which gives natural rise to the famous Guards' discipline, which is based on trust.

■ Montreal's LESLIE ROBERTS is working on a book tentatively entitled "The Golden Hinge" for Clarke Irwin. It is a survey of Canada and Canadian mores.

■ ROBERTSON DAVIES' eldest child, ten-year-old Miranda, has complimented her father on his first novel "Tempest-Tost" which she has been reading with fascination. Mr. Davies is pleased, of course, and wondering whether or not "Tempest-Tost" is entirely suitable reading for 10-year-olds.

■ Charming idea—OGDEN NASH's new book, "Parents Keep Out: Elderly Verses for Youngerly Readers"; a collection in a single volume of all his poems for and about children and collected in response to the interest in his work he found in young people.

—*Rica*

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MUSIC

NEW RECORDS

PRADES FESTIVAL — *Volume 5.* Columbia continues its monumental recording of the Bach Festival of June, 1950. *Volume 5* has Bach's Sonata No. 1 in G Major and Sonata No. 2 in D, both for 'Cello and Piano. Pablo Casals is, of course, the cellist and Paul Baumgartner is the pianist. Both the recording and the performance are spacious and warm. (*Columbia—33—ML 4349*).

PRADES FESTIVAL—*Volume 6.* A companion and continuance of Volume 5, this has Sonata No. 3 in G Minor for 'Cello and Piano, again with Casals and Baumgartner. The romantic quality is beautifully elicited by the players. On the other side, Rudolph Serkin's performance at the Festival of the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue in D Minor and the Italian Concerto in F Major. Except for Landowska's harpsichord recording for HMV of the Italian Concerto, this is a first pressing of both works. Serkin's treatment of the Fantasy is deeply emotional; of the Italian Concerto sprightly and alive with wit. Recording: excellent. (*Columbia—33—ML 4350*).

SYMPHONY IN D MINOR—*Franck.* Mengelberg conducts the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. They probably turned in a fair job but little of the finesse that we associate with the continental team quite gets on the recording. An unevenness of volume level, some odd balance in the orchestra's sections, and jumpiness in soundtracking handicapped things. (*Capitol—P8023—33.*)

SONATA IN D (*Mozart*) and THREE ROMANTIC WALTZES — (*Chabrier*). With all due respect to Mozart we doubt that his two-piano sonatas add anything particular to sonata form. There is a strong suggestion here of a student's exercise, a suggestion which the Iturbi team (Amparo and José) do their best to rub out but only succeed in rubbing in. Better, we think, is the other number in the record: very listenable, if not too danceable, salon-type waltzes by 19th Century composer Chabrier. The sentimentality and Gallic touch are beautifully encompassed by the Iturbis. (*RCA—LM1135—33.*)

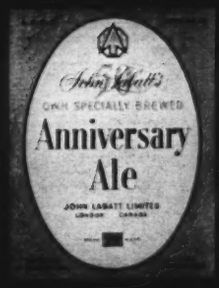
DAPHNIS ET CHLOE, Suites 1 and 2—*Ravel.* Suite No. 2: Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra present Ravel's sophisticated ballet score with such attention to tonal warmth as to rival Koussevitsky's version with the Boston SO (*Victor*—M1108) and certainly surpasses it in recording brilliance. Toscanini's version, part of the series commemorating the 1950 tour was the last release of No. 2 and was scarcely poetic in treatment and not a rival to the Ormandy. The less played Suite No. 1 has not the same appeal because of its somewhat frenetic themes that tend to become repetitious but Ormandy, drawing on the services of the Temple University Chorus under Elaine Brown has managed to give it full excitement and a deal of sensitive variety. (*Columbia—33—ML4316*).

Happy Anniversary

. . . John Collingwood Reade

The popular news analyst and writer is celebrating his 25th year of radio broadcasting. Thousands who listen daily to John Collingwood Reade will want to extend their congratulations to one of radio's outstanding news commentators. And whatever *you're* celebrating—an Anniversary or some other glad occasion—enjoy Labatt's Anniversary Ale. The remarkable *lightness* and *smoothness* of Anniversary Ale have made this golden brew Canada's most popular beverage for special occasions. Get a case today and you'll know why—ask for *lighter, smoother* Labatt's Anniversary Ale. John Labatt Limited.

The swing is **DEFINITELY** *to Labatt's*



First brewed to celebrate Mr. John and Mr. Hugh Labatt's 50th Anniversary, Labatt's Anniversary Ale quickly became a popular favourite. Try it today and you'll know why!

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One customer reports 70 established plants from one packet of seed and many report plant counts over 50. One customer had 46 plants in bud 7 months from sowing. You too can easily grow these lovely and fascinating plants from seed with variations of form and color in most every planting. Cultural folder free with order. This rare seed is available for immediate delivery at $1.00 per packet.

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ART: MONTREAL WATERCOLORIST

WITH EYES UPON THE CITY

by Paul Duval

DOWN the centuries, the City has provided painters with rich sources of raw material for their art. The great cities of the world have been commemorated by the affectionate and analytical brushes of creative men of many lands. Gallery-goers know Rome more intimately through the graphic portrayals of Piranesi and the atmospheric records by Corot than through their Baedecker. Venice has been celebrated by a glittering parade of artists, including such greats as Canaletto, Turner and Renoir. The luminous beauty of Paris is made immediate to us in the canvases of Pissarro, Monet, Sisley, and such moderns as Maurice Utrillo and Raoul Dufy. London has had her Rowlandsons and Sickerts.

In Canada, relatively few artists have discovered the city as a *motif* for their attention. Until recently, the native landscape dominated the eyes of the country's leading painters. Such exceptions as Bell-Smith's large portrait of the corner of Toronto's King and Yonge Streets (in the Robert Simpson Collection) and Maurice Cullen's Montreal façades were rare. During the past few years, however, a number of our best artists have been drawn to the metropolitan *milieu* for themes. Jack Shadbolt and Tom Jarvis in Vancouver, William Winter and R. York Wilson in Toronto, Philip Surrey and Robert Pilot in Montreal, Jack Humphries in Saint John: such artists have recorded their

—Canada Wide

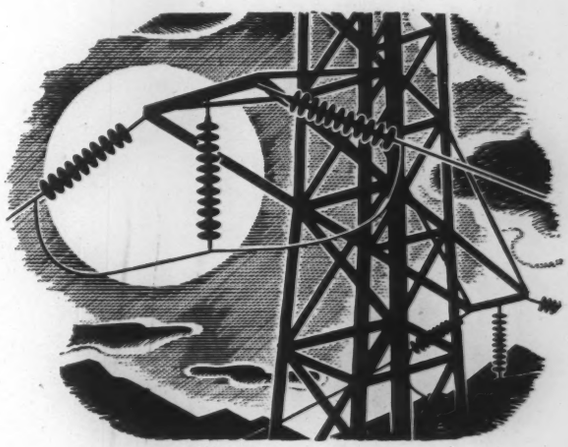
J. S. WALSH

cities in penetrating and dramatic "portraits." One of the most effective of these artists is John S. Walsh of Lachine, Quebec.

Forty-four year old John Walsh first became interested in depicting buildings in sketching trips through the towns of England, where he was born. Educated and trained as an engineer, he nevertheless sensed more than the mere mechanics which go to make up the structures of human work and habitation. Behind the architectural details, he saw a more poetic aspect—created in part by its inhabitants and partly by the patina of time and the weather. During his spare hours from his engineering concerns, Walsh studied art at the London Central School of Art.

After coming to Canada in 1940 with a British Admiralty Mission, John Walsh joined the Dominion Bridge Company as Sales Development Manager. In his spare time, he continued to paint. In Montreal, where he resided much of the time, and in travels across Canada, he became deeply interested in the appearance of New World cities at night. The large, square silhouettes of building blocks and sudden shafts of light which pattern our larger communities soon became the basis of a series of dramatic nocturnes. In virtually every large Canadian city, Walsh executed chalk drawings and watercolors. Toronto's *Chinatown*, Montreal's *Beaver Hill*, Quebec's *Lower Town*, Vancouver's waterfront—these and hundreds of other metropolitan scenes served as backdrops for his night views.

For a part-time painter, this busy executive has rung up a considerable accomplishment. A member of the Canadian Society of Watercolor Painters and the Canadian Society of Graphic Art, he is represented in the permanent collections of the Art Gallery of Toronto and the Art Association of Montreal.



Who built the power house?

Largely pulp and paper, which uses a third of the power generated for all industry. There are single mills using as much power as is required to light the cities of Montreal and Toronto combined. Pulp and paper benefits all Canada.

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PP-101

—Montreal Museum of Art

"BEAVER HALL HILL" *(top)*. This aspect of Montreal, familiar to all citizens, demonstrates Walsh's liquid sensitivity and metropolitan sense of beauty. *Below*: "Quebec City at Night" is a fine example of his "city nocturnes."

PULP AND PAINTS

THE *RAPPORT* of art and society has frequently been the mark of a healthy nation. During the past few years, there has been an encouraging increase in recognition of the importance of creative art to Canadian life and commerce. Through collecting paintings and commissioning designs, outstanding business enterprises are knitting the artist more closely to the country's welfare.

The Canadian Pulp and Paper Association has been one of the most active sponsors of Canadian art during recent years. Currently, their latest endeavor in this direction is being exhibited at the Art Gallery of Toronto. Entitled "Six Trees," the half-dozen canvases commissioned by the Association are by such leading Canadian artists as A. Y. Jackson, Charles Comfort, A. J. Casson, Thoreau MacDonald, Albert Cloutier and Franklin Arbuckle. Each artist was assigned to portray a specific Canadian tree. Those finally depicted are Spruce in Algonquin Park; Eastern Hemlock in Quebec; Western Hemlock in BC; Poplar in Ontario; Balsam in Quebec, and Jack Pine in the Peace River District.

The artists were selected because of their familiarity with the trees and terrain to be portrayed. Material for the completed paintings was gathered from on-the-spot research in the form of oil sketches or pencilled notes. Complete liberty of pictorial conception and treatment was allowed each artist, the only condition being the specific sylvan theme.

To increase the value of this contribution to Canadian forestry education, the Association is distributing finely illustrated booklets to accompany the exhibition for the use of students and interested laymen. The paintings will be shown across Canada.

WORLD OF WOMEN

THE DOMESTIC SIDE OF DIPLOMACY

by Margaret Ecker Francis

AN AMBITIOUS young wife said to me the other day, "I wish I could interest John in trying to get into the Department of External Affairs. We could have such a wonderful life."

She was seeing herself, no doubt, as the attractive diplomat's wife, hostessing it in Paris, Mexico City, The Hague, Chile, London, surrounded by fascinating people, in fascinating places.

In Sydney, Australia, as guest of Mrs. C. M. Crofts, wife of the Canadian Trade Commissioner there, it seemed a good time to find out if the life of a diplomat's wife is all that fascinating.

Mrs. Crofts, vivacious, tiny, with the face of a pretty, eager little girl, was moving graciously, but busily through the crowded rooms of her old fashioned house whose terraces go down to the waters of Sydney Harbor. She had a bright thrust of repartee for this Canadian guest, that Australian guest, and once in her orbit one felt at home, felt she was particularly pleased that you should attend her party.

She disappeared now and then into the kitchen to refill trays of hors d'oeuvres, since her eight-hour-day-conscious domestic help was off duty. At one point she hurried upstairs to find clean bath towels for a son dressing to go to a party.

When, typical of Canadians everywhere, a dozen or so of us found ourselves still at the pleasant party, long after the zero hour, and well into dinnertime, she led a safari into the big, rambling kitchens.

(Couldn't help noticing how many steps and how inconvenient it would be, getting dinner in those rooms.) But completely without show of effort, Mrs. Croft produced cold ham, salads, bread and butter, dessert and coffee. Finally when we remembered our manners, belatedly, and left, she urged us, "Don't rush away, it's been so interesting talking to you." At that point she had been on her feet nearly eight hours.

TRADE COMMISSIONER Crofts, a gregarious, friendly Maritimer, loves to invite home Canadians who find their way to Australia, or anyone else who interests him. "I really never know how many, or who, to prepare dinner for," said his wife ruefully. "But then I like people too, so it's worth the work."

The present Crofts home is a large, high-ceilinged old mansion. Parties usually end up in the large glass-enclosed sun-porch overlooking the garden, or on the terraces. "The less we use the drawing rooms, the less to clean up after," said Mrs. Crofts in her soft, practical voice.

She's had to be practical in a good many years of adjusting herself to various countries, to various ways of living. The first post, after their marriage, was New Zealand. "A friendly country, much like Australia, but more formal than Canada."

Between 1937 and 1941 it was Japan to which they were adjusting.

"It was a little difficult to get used to ways there," she admitted, "although we liked it well enough at the time. We lived in a 'foreign'—meaning American-type—house, but I soon found out that there were many things I was used to doing that I couldn't do."

As soon as she arrived, she found out that the servants, numerous in Japan, were hurt when she tried to do her own unpacking. "It took me weeks to find anything!"

Then she found out that she was not welcome in the kitchen at any time. The Japanese cook hadn't even sympathy for family midnight raids on the icebox, a domain he thought sacred to himself.

These Japanese days were tense days too. The children, John, 21 now, and the twins, Marion and Jim, now in their late teens, were very young. "Japanese nurses were wonderful, in fact they wanted to take over the children entirely. But you never knew whom you could trust. You never knew when the international situation would blow up in your face and we'd all be interned."

Finally in the summer of 1941, and none too early as it turned out, Mr. Crofts evacuated his family to Canada and Vancouver.

MORE adjustments. During their married life, Mrs. Crofts had always had help of some kind with the children and her home. She found herself now in a small cottage in rustic West Vancouver with no help.

"We grew to love Vancouver, and we wouldn't mind retiring there some time," Mrs. Crofts can reminisce now. "But at first we felt as if we were packed together like sardines. There was no place for our clothes, for anything. The children weren't used to being too tidy and I spent all my time picking up after them."

The children too had to adjust to the rough and tumble of Canadian schools for the first time in their lives. "It took them a bit of getting used to!"

They must have learned to like it, because now John, finished his education, is planning to return to Canada to go into business, and Jim and Marion have chosen to attend UBC.

"For a while though, I thought none of us would feel at home in Canada again," said their mother. "Here I was scrubbing floors and doing all the cooking for three youngsters who were always hungry, for the first time in my married life. Croftie wasn't with me, and there was a tieup over our money. Often I'd be down to a few cents in my purse and a whole week's groceries to buy."

Mr. Crofts finally did return to Canada and the family moved to Ottawa. "By that time I was used to eopping and I have enjoyed doing things for myself, which I have been doing, ever since."

IN 1945 they were posted to Sydney. "It's a wonderful, Garden-of-Eden place to live," both Mr. and Mrs. Crofts will tell you. "When we're moved elsewhere, we'll miss it and our friends here. But after all, that's our life."

Wherever that new post is, Mr. and Mrs. Crofts will be popular, and wherever they are, the home they establish will be a real, hospitable, informal Canadian home, that will do a great deal to sell other people on Canadians and the Canadian way of life.

—CP

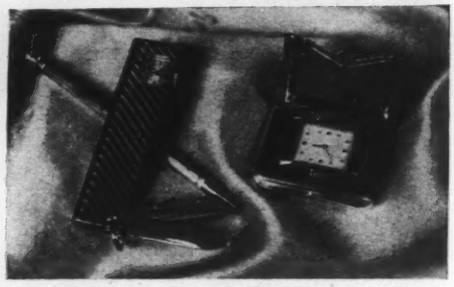
IN CANBERRA: Can. High Commissioner's residence in Australia's capital. Garden is blend of Canadian and native flora.

HEART SHAPED amethysts and diamonds are set around a gold case of pillow design. A supple gold link band to match.

—Watchmakers of Switzerland

YOUTHFUL: Wire-shaped ends set off the gold case and raised crystal. Bright red suede band adds charm.

IN POCKET: A penknife and pencil set with key blank (left). Other watch is in gold "envelope" which snaps open.



WATCHES

YOUR LOWEST-PAID WORKER

by Anne Goldsmith

THE WRIST WATCH that aided Princess Elizabeth in keeping up with her tightly knit Canadian schedule was her birthday gift from the King and Queen on the day she turned eighteen. It is baguette shaped with a band designed like a honeycomb, and it is studded all around with small diamonds.

Whether you are a Princess or just plain Jane Doe, a watch is apt to play an important part in your daily life as well as your costume nowadays. For watch fashions are so pretty and changing now that we look at the time with a brand new eye. The nicest part of it is that modern production methods have made the prices as interesting as the designs.

Your watch is probably the lowest paid worker you will ever meet. For example, the average watch ticks five times every second. That adds up to 157,680,000 ticks a year. Average balance wheel in a watch travels 3,651 feet in an hour, or 16.95 miles in a complete day.

A good idea of the size of watch parts can be gained when you realize that the balance wheel of a lady's wrist watch is hardly larger than one of the capital O's used in SATURDAY NIGHT. Sixteen or 18 screws must be placed in that "O" and each screw must be small enough to fit into a hole hardly more than one-half the diameter of the periods used on this page—(.).

Today's watch is put together by screws so minute that 20,000 of them would just fill a thimble. And the average weight of hairsprings—a few ten-thousandths of an ounce—means that 100,000 can be made from a pound of fine steel.

A QUART of special watch oil will lubricate half a million watches. This is partly because tiny jewels are used to reduce friction, but mainly because modern craftsmen devised precision methods to produce all the fine metal wearing parts. Accuracy limits are held to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Today, all high grade watches contain jewelled movements, the jewels ranging in number from seven to 23. Instead of natural gems, synthetic sapphire and ruby stones are used because of low cost, uniform hardness.

How should this mechanism, so small and fine, be treated by you?

Best time to wind your watch is in the morning rather than the evening for two reasons. You are more apt to have a regular hour for rising than for going to bed. Your watch appreciates being wound regularly. Also, a mainspring that is fully wound is less sensitive to the jars and strains of your active day. Another reason for winding your watch in the morning rather than the evening is change of temperature. A mainspring is more apt to break if it is removed from a warm wrist and placed in a cool place, when it is fully wound.

Have your watch cleaned and oiled at regular intervals. A pocket watch requires cleaning and oiling at least once every year, a man's wrist watch every year and a lady's very small watch about every six months.

The beauty of a modern watch hides an interior of strength and toughness that surpasses belief, for all its delicacy. You do not have to "baby" a good watch—just avoid a few bad habits. For example:

NEVER shake or jar a watch to "make it go."

Trust only a competent and experienced jeweller's watch expert to open your watch, no matter how curious you are!

Do not keep watches in bags, drawers or other receptacles containing face powder or perfume. Wear your watch where it belongs—not in the bottom of your bag where it is apt to be knocked against other contents or come in contact with tobacco or dust particles.

Use tips of fingernails and turn stems lightly when pulling.

Always remove wrist watch when washing hands—or dishes!

Don't be afraid to wind your watch fully, and wind it the same time every day—preferably in the morning.

Avoid dust, dirt, moisture and extreme heat or cold.

Use the watch that suits the purpose—for dress, business, sports.

TAILORED

A BETTER SUIT

by Christopher Gordon

AT A cursory glance, apart from absence of the waistcoat, today's suit of clothes is not a great deal different from the one a man bought 20 years ago. But a close examination of a suit of each era would reveal a great deal of difference indeed.

Cloths are better finished and are on the average about 20 per cent lighter in weight. This trend is gaining impetus with each season, and today many men are wearing suits of 12-ounce worsted through the winter months. There is a greater variety of patterns and colors. In blue alone there are more than 160 shades!

Even a cursory examination of the construction — the little that can be seen from the outside—shows greater refinements of finish. It's done with better tools and better findings. Linings have more sheen and match the fabric better. They are colorfast and shrink less, too.

Better working conditions, improved lighting and rigorous supervision exist in all levels of the industry, whether it be the workshop of the fine custom tailor, or the mass production factory.

TWENTY years ago it was said that the merchant tailor was doomed. He was not supposed to be able to survive the competition of the clothing manufacturer. That he has survived is due to the fact that there are enough men, with enough money, who not only can afford to ignore price, but who demand the best quality clothing that can be produced. They want — and get — superfine fabrics, lustrous silk and Bemberg linings, cut from their personal pattern, and needled throughout by hand.

Some customers, resentful of price increases have strayed into other fields, but largely, after one or two experiments they have returned to the tailor who has to charge them from $150 to $185 for a suit.

The merchant tailor's new business comes to him almost entirely on the recommendation of his clients, as he is unwilling or unable to advertise his wares.

DISTAFF

WOMEN EAST AND WEST

WINNIPEGGER MRS. MAUDE MCCREERY is back in her Aldermanic seat again — still Winnipeg's only woman alderman. Last year when she was running she said: "Women ought to be interested enough in the way the city is governed to make some contribution." Evidently her ward thought she had. Also re-elected as school trustees were MRS. H. MURPHY and MRS. E. R. TENNANT.

—White

MAUDE McCREERY

■ Another milestone in the business world: VELMA REID of Ottawa was appointed Assistant Trust Officer with Guaranty Trust, the first woman trust officer in Ottawa.

And at McGill MRS. ALICE JOHANNSEN TURNHAM took over as Director of McGill University museums. After receiving her BSc at McGill in 1934, Mrs. Turnham took post-grad museum studies in the U.S.; went abroad on a Carnegie fellowship; was Secretary to the Fine Arts Committee of Manitoba; went back to McGill on the zoology staff and then held positions on the museum staff.

■ The University of Toronto newspaper, *The Varsity*, is rapidly becoming petticoat run. Recently BARBARA BROWNE became Managing Editor. Then the male editor resigned and Barbara moved up. Her place went to ELINOR STRANGWAYS, whose late parents, Fred Strangways and the former Winnifred Hodges, were Varsity editors. And into Elinor's place as make-up editor went MARGARET WELCH.

■ Across the border the Zonta International elected ELVIRA MANNING of the Junior Red Cross, Toronto, as Lieutenant-Governor of District 4.

■ ISHBEL HUTTON of Ottawa was re-elected National President of the Catholic Women's League of Canada.

■ She's been in the Arctic Circle. Not many women manage that but MOIRA DUNBAR of the staff of the Defence Research Board has been there just last month. She, one other woman and 14 men were up there on a full-scale navigation survey. English-born Moira has a background that doesn't sound like Arctic exploration. She was on the stage in England for seven years.

—CP

MOIRA DUNBAR

■ The Cora Hind Scholarship has been won by MARY ELIZABETH MATHESON of Binscarth, Man. This scholarship has been awarded annually since 1944 by *The Winnipeg Free Press*, in honor of the late Cora Hind, for 41 years on their staff, and the work she did for farm women. The scholarship is in Home Economics at the U of Manitoba. Winner Matheson has been active in junior farm club work.

■ Saskatchewan's first social welfare worker for the Department of Indian Affairs is MARGARET HESELTINE. She will work directly with the 16,000 Indians in that Province. And the 15,000 Indians in Alberta and the NWT will be meeting their first social-welfare worker, too. She's WILLA BRODERICK who has spent six years among the Ontario Indians and also was with the BC Welfare Department.

■ A musician in Kemptville, Ont., won the annual short-story contest sponsored by Provincial Chapter of Ontario IODE. She's CATHERINE BOYLE, a graduate of the University of Toronto. Second prize went to MRS. J. N. COUPAL of Ottawa, who is also interested in playwriting. In 1948 her play was one of the four best in the Ottawa Drama League competition and was given a Workshop performance.

■ Winner of the singing contest sponsored by Montreal's *La Presse* was former Winnipeg coloratura soprano, ANGELA MALLEY MAQUIS, now living in Montreal.

■ Calgary is renowned as a big, warm-hearted city. Even the fact that BETTY-JEAN HAGEN now calls Edmonton her home does not matter. Isn't Betty-Jean a native Calgarian? So the city gave her a top-drawer reception when she flew there to play with the Calgary Symphony Orchestra . . . complete with a gift from the Province, regulation white Stampede stetson and her signature in the Visitors' Book right under that of Princess Elizabeth. Violinist Betty-Jean is a Naumburg winner and an Eaton scholarship awardee.

BETTY-JEAN HAGEN

■ Two BC girls have won scholarships to the Royal Academy of Music, London, England, with a three-year rider. MARION GIBBS of Victoria will study piano; is in her second year at Victoria College. LILA WONG is concertmaster and star violinist in home-town Nanaimo Symphony Orchestra. Both are 18 years old.

■ The St. John Ambulance Brigade has been busy in St. Boniface, Man. They have appointed BEATRICE BIRON of St. Pierre as Superintendent of the St. Boniface Jean MacLean Nursing Division. This is a new Nursing Division and has been named after MRS. GEORGE C. MACLEAN, wife of the Mayor of St. Boniface.

■ The Montreal Women's Club and its President, MRS. P. G. DELGADO, are celebrating the Club's Diamond Jubilee this year.

■ Now in Germany on an exchange scholarship is JOYCE WOODSIDE of Ottawa. A grad of Queen's, she will be at the University of Bonn for the next ten months.

■ The Quebec Provincial Business and Professional Women's Club has decided to set up an employment conditions committee to study the problems of equal opportunity and equal pay without sex discrimination. Chairman will be MRS. WILHEMINA HOLMES of the law firm of Holmes and Gilchrist, Montreal.

■ He's long and low-slung and a champion. He's called Egyptian Moe of Joyce and he's the first Canadian-bred dachshund to become an international champ. He won his crown in California, flew back home by air. His owner is MRS. JOY OSTERDAHL of Highland Creek, near Toronto.

■ University appointments: St. Catharines-born MARY SINGER is back at her Alma Mater, Macdonald Institute, Guelph, on the staff of the Department of Home Management. At the time of her appointment she was Head of Home Economics, Central Collegiate, London. And JOCELYN ROGERS is back at her own University of Alberta. She's now Extension Lecturer in Music, a newly created position, the first of its kind in western Canada.

■ This week Winnipeg will see a new ballet by GWENETH LLOYD. It's called "Rondel," is in the period of strolling minstrels. MADAME PAULINE BOUTAL of *Le Cercle Molière* dramatic society, St. Boniface, created the costumes.

■ New President of the NS Women's Institutes is MRS. E. C. PEERS, Pugwash.

Elizabeth Arden

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NEW! Here is fragrance frappé . . . soothing, smoothing, refreshing Blue Grass. The inimitable Elizabeth Arden perfume in a convenient frost-stick form. Neither soapy nor sticky, Blue Grass Solid Cologne *liquefies instantly . . . absorbs faster.* And because of its special strength, it is *so much longer lasting!*

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$1.93 HAPPY DREAMS
A variety assortment of sweet biscuits, 1 lb. 6 oz. in a hinged enamelled presentation tin.

RAEBURN DRUM
A painting by a celebrated artist reproduced on the cover of this colourful enamelled tin containing 1 lb. of assorted cream biscuits.

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Mr. Peek & Mr. Frean —Makers of Famous English Biscuits.

95¢ COCKTAIL BISCUITS
Assorted savoury biscuits suitable for serving with cocktails—8 oz. in Enamelled Drum.

$1.69

AFTERNOON TEA
1 lb. 12½ oz. of assorted fancy biscuits in an enamelled drum.

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ORCHID DRUM
Sweet assorted biscuits, 1 lb. 13½ oz. in Enamelled Drum.

$1.89

PLAYBOX FOR CHILDREN
Crisp, sweet biscuits iced with nursery-land characters in varied colours. Enamelled 2 lb. drums $1.89. Tins $1.20 and $1.00. 8 oz. packets 37¢

FAMILY TINS
$2.65 $3.00

4 lbs. sweet assorted biscuits in sealed tin $2.65

4¼ lbs. assorted cream biscuits in sealed tin $3.00

PEEK FREAN'S
Famous ENGLISH *Biscuits*

567

VITAL STATISTICS

DON'T TELL YOUR AGE

by Rica Farquharson

DON'T tell your age.

Of course, few women tell an age that tallies with their birth certificates but recent events have convinced us it is foolhardy to give out any age at all.

The other day we met a friend in fairly top-brass radio. Always, she had been just a career woman to us—of no particular age. So it was startling when she announced she was being retired because she was about to become 60. We couldn't have been more startled if she had told us she, a single woman, was about to become anything else.

Followed a report on what is happening to her since news of her age hit the office. Men with whom she has toiled for years are "being careful of her". They help her into chairs; listen too attentively to anything she has to say. Could be pleasant but with it goes the unspoken: "Be nice to the old girl. It won't be long now."

The sad thing about all this is that our friend doesn't feel any older than she did the day before this awful thing happened to her. Becoming 60 has been a painless physical process with her and she might have carried on for at least a few years if she had kept her little secret.

Hundreds, thousands, of women in business, arts, professions face this situation. Homemakers seldom encounter it. Only the most neglectful family would think of letting a wife and mother retire at 60. She's good for quite a few years more, especially if there are grandchildren. From an economic view "retired on pension" would run into more money than "Mother's Day" once a year.

THINGS are becoming more complex for women. It doesn't help any to be informed that the life of the female in Canada—if she is an average female—is about 69.5 years, while the life of the average male is only 64.1; that many firms, even governments, retire women five years younger than they retire men. Here is a discrepancy our always-addled mathematics can't surmount. The idea may be to take women out of jobs while they are still enjoying themselves and frustrate them so they will give up younger and not clutter the world with females.

Canada being this way, it is foolish for a woman employer or employee to draw attention to the obvious, her age. If she, understandably, slices off years, she is sure to meet an old friend who announces: "I went to school with you but you won't remember me because I was a junior when you were a senior."

Large numbers of such irresponsibles are running about.

And, women keeping ages secret might as well keep themselves youthful in appearance although a woman told us that any woman who does, past a certain age, which she didn't specify, has something wrong with her, which she didn't specify.

Anyway, in many cases, a real necessity for appearing younger forces women who wouldn't object to looking like Whistler's mother to rush to beauty salons for dye or rinse until some of them look as if they wanted to be whistle bait. In places where there are large numbers of women in jobs, business is brisk in this line. If it were not for the relentless gathering of statistics that has swept the otherwise civilized land of Canada, Canadian women could cope with the age-limit problem by themselves, staying in positions indefinitely or until Old Age Pensions took up some of the slack.

A Canadian woman, hostess in a large hotel, went to Hollywood where she met other smart, lovely women who gazed at her in horror: "White hair! Why don't you do something about it?"

Useless to explain, she liked it that way and could afford to humor herself since she was, shortly, giving up her job anyway.

Men who do not fear to rush into the most dangerous places are going to say the whole matter of growing old and telling ages hinges around the vanity of women and let's have no more excuses. Men are nearly always right about women so this just could be true. It's fairly important though in keeping up one's morale that men don't think one's senility is lurking 'round the corner.

TO GET PERSONAL—and this is as personal a subject as a Canadian writer could wish to tackle—we make the shocking statement that we come from a line of women who never tell their ages. We, enthusiastically, carry on the noble tradition. We never knew our mother's age. Our father never knew his mother's age although after she died family records seemed to prove she was about ten years older than our grandfather. If so, she carried it off for 80 years and no one the wiser. Certainly, not grandfather who died six months after she died; never understanding how he succeeded in outliving his lively wife.

Our son doesn't know our age—unless, of course, he read it off our driver's licence when he got lunch money from our pocket book one morning. If that has happened, he was so shocked he has never mentioned it to us. Anyway, it is rumored that most mothers, past 29, are regarded as being in the age-group containing the old bags, by their children—unless, of course, there's an unwholesome fixation which should immediately attach itself elsewhere.

This frank glimpse into our private life should establish us as a bit of an authority on "Don't Tell Your Age". We all reach the stage where young men offer us seats in buses because we remind them of their mothers. Let's keep it that way until the next stage when we remind them of their grandmothers—and a most skittish and agreeable lot they are these days.

CONCERNING FOOD

CHRISTMAS CAKE TIME

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

LIKE WINE, cheese and some people, fruit cake acquires added flavor with age. So if you like your Christmas cake to be reasonably mature, it is time to go into action.

Requests continue to come from readers for copies of the recipe of the SATURDAY NIGHT Christmas cake published in other years, and we offer it once again. For the effort you get about 12½ pounds of baked fruit cake, costing a little over $7.00 for ingredients. This is a large quantity but the recipe can easily be halved.

How To Make It

You will require a set of three (round or square) cake pans, plus three loaf pans 5" x 9".

Preparation:

The day or night before mixing the cake, assemble these ingredients—

- 1 lb. (3 cups) seeded raisins
- 2 lb. (6 cups) sultana raisins
- 2 lb. (6 cups) currants
- ½ lb. (1½ cups) dates pitted
- 1 lb. (3 cups) chopped mixed peel
- 1 lb. candied cherries
- ½ lb. candied pineapple or 1 tin diced or sliced pineapple
- 1 lb. (4 cups) almonds

Wash raisins and currants and spread out to dry on paper towelling. Chop dates, slice cherries, measure the peel and dice the pineapple. If you use canned pineapple, allow it to drain overnight. Blanch and skin almonds and split lengthwise.

While you are in the kitchen you might just as well line the cake tins. Use four layers of waxed paper, or two to three layers of brown paper. Grease (use unsalted fat or salad oil) the tin thoroughly first and grease the paper after it is fitted into the tin.

Before turning out the kitchen lights remove shortening, butter and eggs from the refrigerator so that they will be at room temperature for use first thing in the morning. The next day:

Dry Ingredients:

Measure into a sifter—

- 3¼ cups *sifted* bread (all purpose) flour
- 3 tsps. baking powder
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- ½ tsp. salt
- 4 tsps. ground cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ground nutmeg
- ½ tsp. ground cloves

Sift together onto a piece of waxed paper. Remove 1 cup to add to the fruits and nuts which should be in a large bowl (you may have to use the dish pan) and mix until the fruit is well coated.

The Batter:

Assemble these ingredients—

- ½ lb. butter (1 cup)
- ½ lb. shortening (1 cup) or
- 1 lb. vegetable shortening (increase salt to 1 tsp.)
- 1 tbsp. almond flavoring
- 1 tbsp. rosewater (use almond if not available)
- 1 tbsp. vanilla flavoring
- 1 lb. (2 cups) granulated sugar
- 12 medium sized eggs
- ½ cup liquid honey
- 1 cup brandy

Cream butter and shortening; add flavorings and gradually add the sugar, mixing until creamy. If you use an electric mixer add the eggs unbeaten, one at a time; otherwise beat the eggs until light and foamy and add to the butter-sugar mixture, beating thoroughly. Add half the dry ingredients and combine well. Then add the honey and brandy alternatively with the rest of the dry ingredients folding in after each addition. The batter may look "separated" but this won't harm the final product. Add floured fruits and nuts and fold in until fruit is well distributed. Turn into prepared cake pans filling about two-thirds full. Spread batter evenly.

The Baking:

A standard oven will not hold all the cakes for one baking. Store the loaf pan cakes (batter) covered with wax paper in the refrigerator until convenient to bake them. Don't crowd the cakes in the oven!!

Heat oven to 275°F. placing rack in middle position. Place a pan of water on lowest rack to provide moisture (refill when necessary) for the long baking. Bake the small cake (of the set of three) 2½ hours; medium cake 3½ hours; the large cake 4-4½ hours and the loaf cake 2½-3 hours. Remove from oven, allow to stand 10 minutes, then turn out on wire cake racks to cool (bottom side down). Remove paper if desired but it will help to keep the cake moist while being stored. Wrap in heavy waxed paper when thoroughly cooled and store in a tightly covered tin box.

Next week: Recipe for a White Christmas Cake.

BRAIN TEASER

IF STUCK, ASK JUNIOR

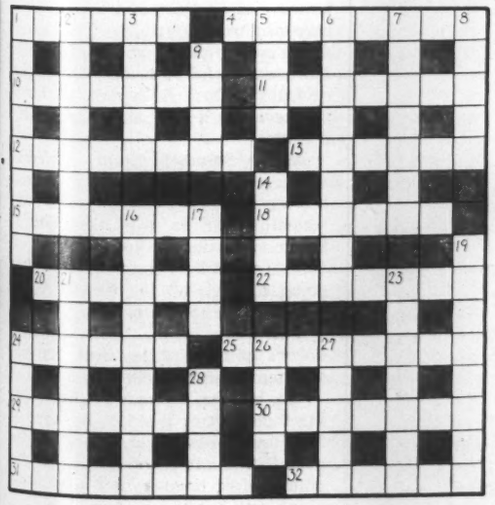
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 and 4. Where he-men go another round? (4,2,3,5)
10. One of several at Moussorgsky's exhibition. (7)
11. Ponies carry Casey and us. (7)
12. A change of toil may get him started, but not to toil! (8)
13. They git along with the cowboy headin' for "The Last 21". (6)
15. Sat with 9? No! (7)
18. Wet days sometimes are dry! (6)
20. Busted on 4. (6)
22. The ladder of the Latins on which Toscanini mounted to fame? (2, 5)
24. Isaiah's land from which Bunyan's pilgrims saw the Heavenly City. (6)
25. Praise he got from a hypocrite. (8)
29. How the cowboy makes his horse a beast of burden? (7)
30. 6's horse has to be pulled to make a 17. (7)
31. Regretted being locked up inside. (8)
32. Solomon Levi types show want of thought. (6)

DOWN

1. He's a long jump ahead of cowboys. (8)
2. Song bird on hill? (7)
3. No! It comes from evolution with a difference. (5)
5. Horse chop. (4)
6. He's sort of sorry about spilt gore! (3, 6)
7. Retains unpleasant qualities. (7)
8. It's easiest to take it out. (5)
9. Autry, perhaps, shares 4 with Hart. (4)
14. 1 down, to small types. (4)
16 and 26. It might take 160 half-pint cowboys to wear one of them. (3-6, 4)
17. See 30. (4)
19. His writings suggest he was at 1 across 4. (4, 4)
21. See 13. (7)
23. Spear the ass again and cut its tail off! (7)
24. A sound of hesitation at the bottom? (5)
26. See 16.
27. Wine and water in Germany. (5)
28. This other Eden is a sceptred one, according to Shakespeare. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Major Barbara
10. Posse
11. Sea voyage
12. Niagara
13. Sticker
14. Menage
16. Addicted
19. Red light
20. Senile
22. Doormat
24. Madonna
27. Australia
28. Deism
29. Sadler's Wells

DOWN

2. Abstained
3. Omega
4. Busman
5. Roadside
6. Aborigine
7. Alack
8 and 26. Up in arms
9. Begrudge
14. Meridian
15. Glimmered
17. Triennial
18. White lie
21. Smears
23. Oasis
25. Dodge
26. See 8

(183)

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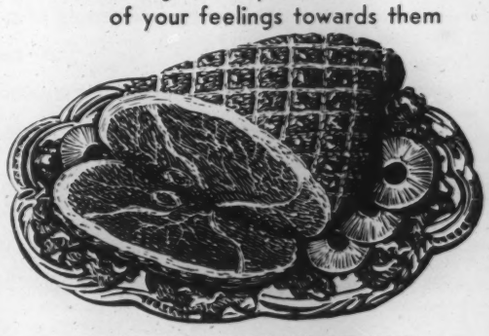

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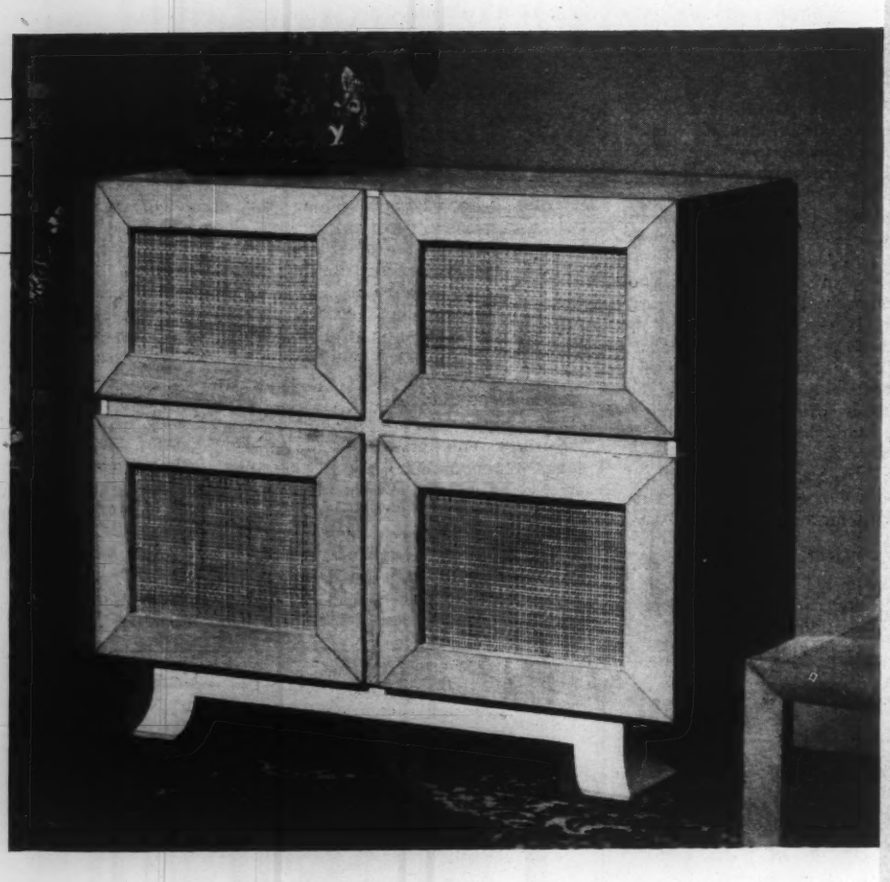

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A DEFENCE

THOSE BRITISH COOKS

By Miriam Chapin

WHEN PEOPLE TALK, as it is the thing to do apparently, about English cooking "uninspired, to say the least," I think they mean the sort of thing they get in London tearooms or railway lunchrooms.

One must go out into the country, into the shires, eat at some farmhouse or good inn, inquire for the oldtime recipes, in order to discover wonderful dishes that are well worth transplanting across the Atlantic, as many of them have been carried over. Thrown in as lagniappe is a lot of history too.

I've been studying Bernard Darwin's "Vade Mecum for the Epicure in the British Isles," put out by the Naldrett Press. There isn't a single mention of Brussels sprouts within its covers, while on the intellectual side it ranges from Fraser's Golden Bough to Mother Goose.

Take the Kattern cakes of Bedfordshire—they're named for Catherine of Aragon, Henry VIII's unhappy Spanish princess, who spent weary years at Ampthill Castle. They're caraway buns raised with yeast. And Bosworth Jumbels are sweet cakes for which the recipe is supposed to have turned up on Bosworth Field after Richard III was slain and his army fled.

Beltane Bannocks are oatcakes with bumps on them — in Scotland each bump is called for some dreaded spirit or for some wild animal. The shepherd turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knob and throws it over his shoulder, saying "This I give to thee, spare my lambs." Nowadays it is done half in fun, bu the custom goes back far before Christian days — and who knows but the old gods of the Picts listen in some dell?

SUCH NAMES as these foods have! Singing hinnies are fried cakes the Virgin Queen Elizabeth used to love. Frumenty is wet wheat warmed in the oven many hours, until the husks break and the whole mess jellies, to be eaten with cream and sugar. Love-in-Disguise is calf's heart stuffed with crumbs and herbs, rosemary and marjoram and bay-leaf and thyme. And here are true directions for Devonshire cream, than which nothing is more wonderful with any wild berries or fruits: Warm fresh milk six hours but never let it boil, and skim it after it cools.

As for Solomon Gundy of Yorkshire, a pie made of anchovies and herring and mushrooms, it must have something to do with that famous Solomon Grundy who was born on Monday and buried on Sunday, after going through all the vicissitudes of human existence in six days.

There are in Mr. Darwin's book dozens of other dishes with entrancing names and excellent contents.

No, no, for the real English cooking think not of London, not even of Simpson's roast beef, glory of the past. Think rather of the variety the country folk have learned to provide, along with hearty appetites to enjoy it.

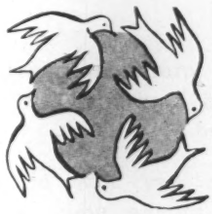
THE LIGHTER SIDE

Wanted: An Irritant

by Mary Lowrey Ross

A FEW DAYS ago I motored through the Southern Ontario farm country. The trees, shaken free of their leaves, stood out delicately bare in the brown fields and apart from the occasional flash of a new aluminum roof, the landscape was still, toneless and half-asleep. At the gasoline station where we stopped for oil the attendant talked about the weather. So did the country store proprietor where we stopped for cigarettes. So did the roadside worker who waved us to a detour. "Nice weather for this time of year."

Nothing in Southern Ontario seemed much more urgent than the weather and even the weather, with its bland early November stillness, was hardly provocative. The only indications of activity were the operations on the roads, where gangs were busy repairing, smoothing, and spreading gravel. This was the one visible sign that an election might be anywhere in the offing. There were no election posters anywhere.



The same phenomenon is observable in the cities. In the pre-election quiet you could almost hear a pin drop.

It wasn't like that in the days when Mitchell Hepburn was Liberal leader, or when George Drew was Conservative Premier. There was plenty of election excitement then—at the very least one could count on fiery protests from Mr. Hepburn or furious recoils from Mr. Drew, and take sides accordingly. Now no one roars out in indignation about squeeze-plays from Ottawa, no one rises in wrath to denounce somebody else as an unmitigated liar. There is a gentlemanly quiet over the local legislature which is very like the quiet of death. In the presence of death it doesn't seem necessary to take sides.

Even after the withdrawal of Mr. Hepburn, Provincial elections were still able to generate a certain amount of friction. During the last election for instance we could count on the Labor-Progressive Party to provide the necessary irritant. In our particular riding the banners of the LPP were flung out on dozens of little verandahs weeks before the election. LPP posters appeared in all sorts of unauthorized places and angry citizens telephoned the authorities, who came and took them down; then next morning there they were again. Ardent young Communists swarmed up telegraph posts to place the picture of their candidate beyond the reach of any but the most agile anti-Communist.

They worked after nightfall, as soundless and printless as leprechauns, and in the morning all the posters were up and every vestibule had its quota of Communist literature. In the daytime the LPP sound-truck roamed the streets, with speeches from the loudspeaker, interspersed with young Communist voices chanting hymns to the Party. This made all the Communists happy and exasperated everyone else almost beyond endurance.

This year no bandwagon has appeared. No LPP posters have turned up in inaccessible places and there have been no battles between warring Ukrainian groups in the park. Peace is everywhere, bland and ominous. Yesterday, when I picked up a copy of the *Tribune* —I found nothing there too except Peace. Peace Congress Appeal. Labor Unity for Peace. Friendship Month Heralds Peace. Not a word about war on capitalist - reactionary candidates in the coming election. Hardly a word about the election.

There was a message from *Pravda*: "The Soviet Union stands for the establishment of international control over the fully exact and conscientious implementation of the decision to prohibit atomic weapons." The *Pravda* message had exactly the quality of mystical meaninglessness that enchants the believers and maddens everyone else.

Have the constant warnings that banning the Party will merely drive it underground given the Party the bright idea of going underground on its own? Or can the boys have suddenly made the humiliating discovery that they have actually been assisting the democratic process all along, merely by keeping people mad?

In any case, nobody is mad in the present election. The candidates are polite, the issues are sober, and the electorate is dispassionate. The public knows that no local government can do much about the larger threats that menace it. We are mildly stirred by housing plans and we are rather dubious about the various hospitalization schemes that are being put forward, like assorted pastries on a tray. They look good, but you can't tell till you try them, and anyway *somebody* has to pay for them. In the meantime we find it hard to get interested in an election that looks on the surface almost as toneless and respectable as a rural Ontario landscape in November.

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